RAMPARTS

SEPTEMBER 1965 · 75 CENTS

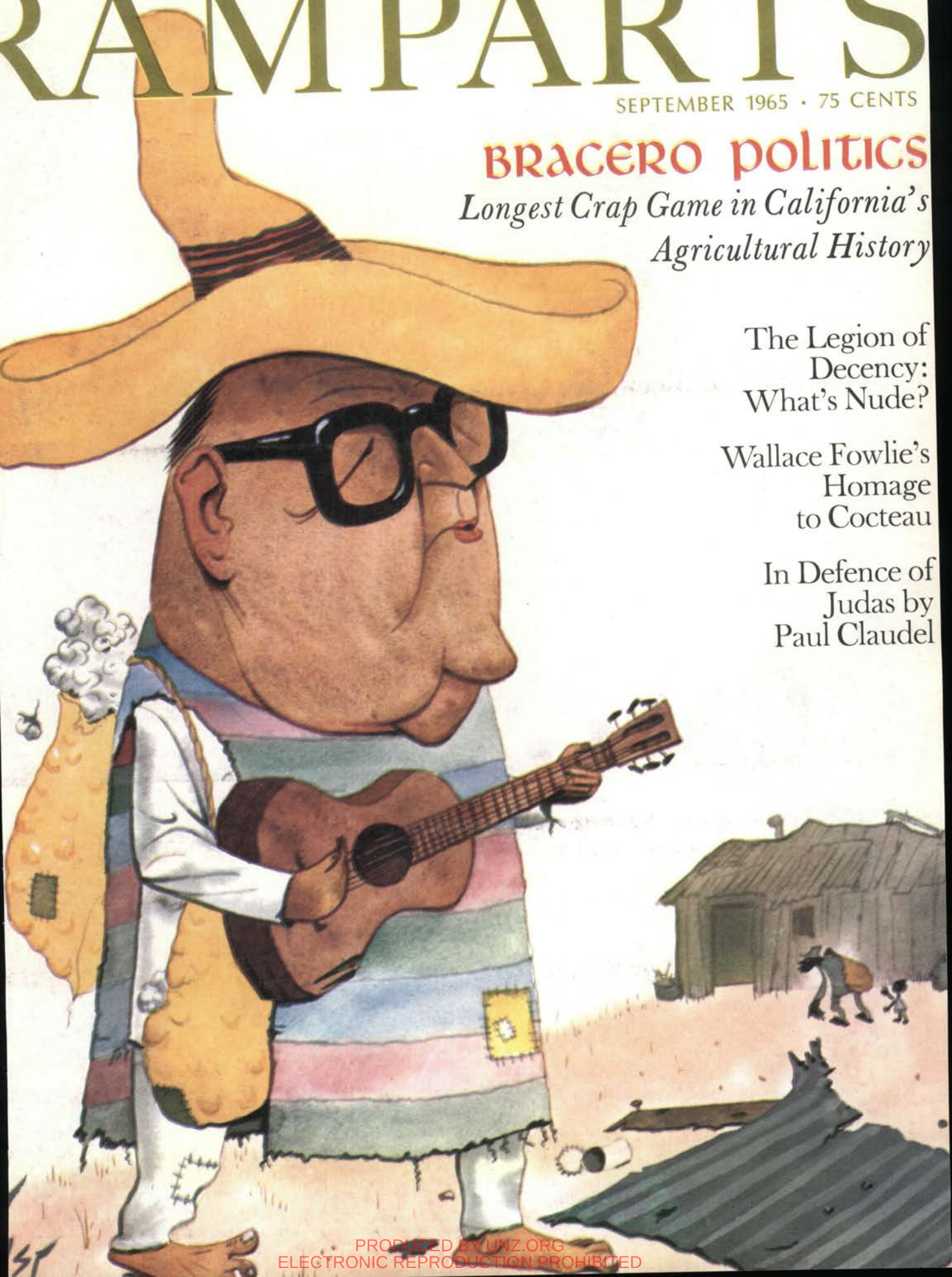
BRACERO POLITICS

Longest Crap Game in California's Agricultural History

The Legion of Decency: What's Nude?

Wallace Fowlie's Homage to Cocteau

In Defence of Judas by Paul Claudel



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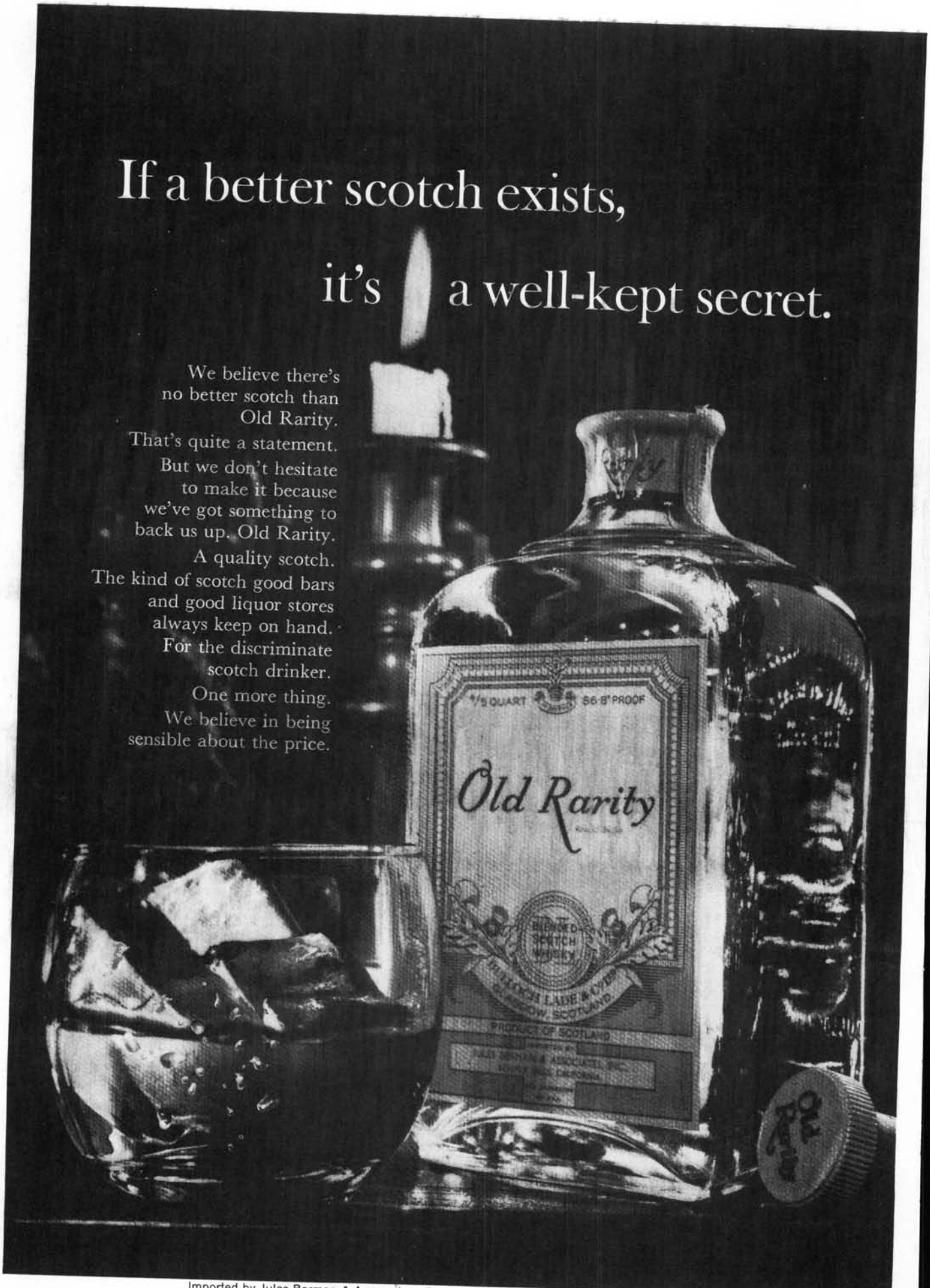

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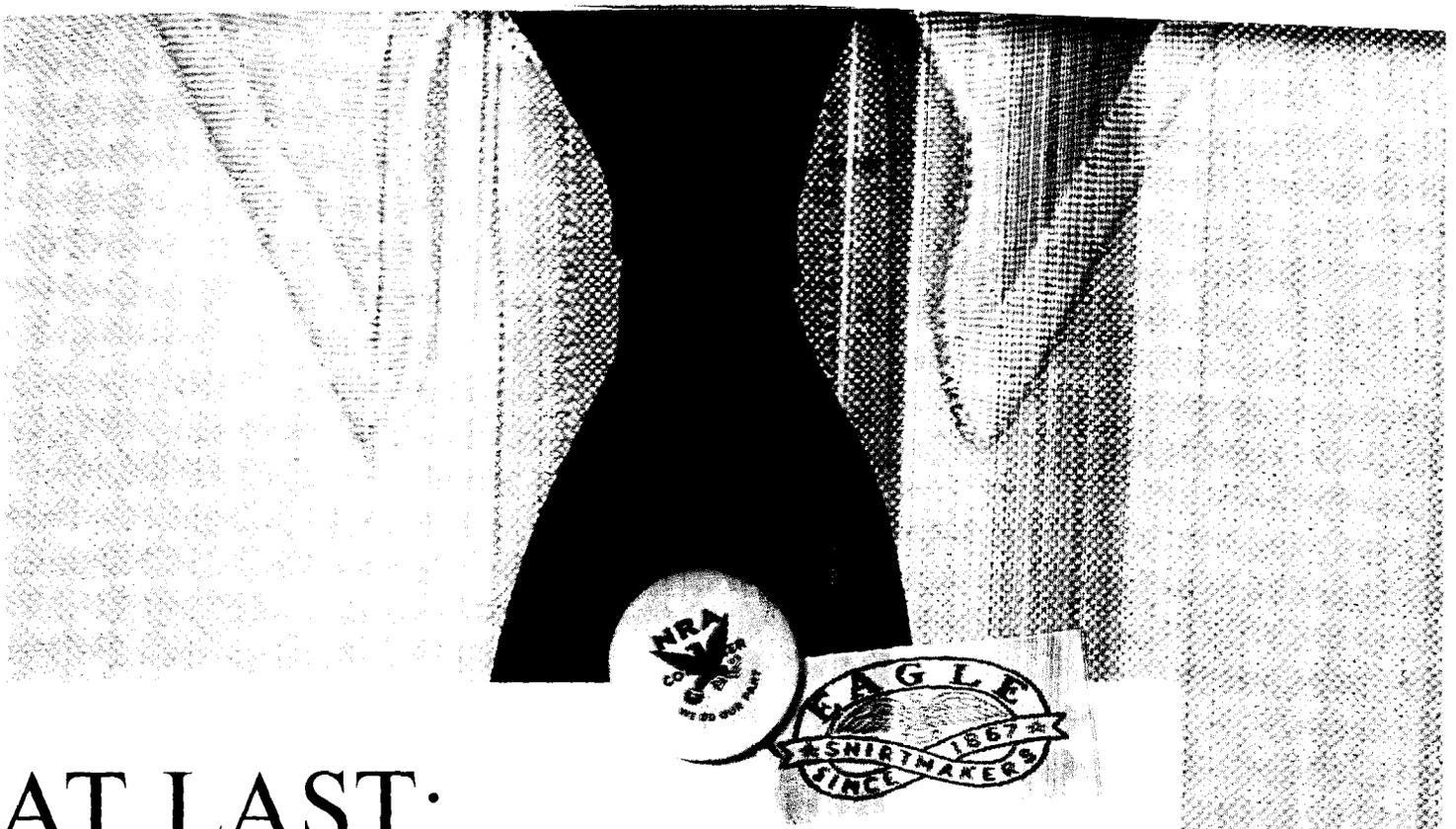

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First Step Taken In Cultural Exchange Program With New York; Answer Awaited On Automat Sandwich Boxes.

Broad Implications Seen

AS YOU may have been reading, San Francisco considers it is having something of a culture crisis these days. New York has taken our best professional theatre company (the greatest exodus of actors since The Ten Commandments went on location).

We've also lost a museum director, several of our nicest painters, one danseuse, and as we didn't have a surplus of culture to begin with, there has been some concern. (One leading citizen recently remarked in a panic that San Francisco is now "on a cultural par with Salinas," which is something like believing New York City is evenses with, say, Canarsie.)

No Harsh Reprisals

There is another public figure, however, who has retained his characteristic dignity: David (Apfelbaum), Feinschmecker Extraordinaire; Proprietor of DAVID'S DELICATESSEN on Geary Street, DAVID'S EAST (two doors down), and soon, DAVID'S BLUE BAGEL BAG.

David reasons this way. Let's not begin any harsh reprisals against New York just yet. For all we know The Guggenheim and Lincoln Center might look out of scale in Golden Gate Park and so why not start simply?

Therefore, with a deep sense of history, we are turning our other cheek and making yet another gesture of abiding goodwill by proffering for sale the finest of San Francisco culture, Sourdough French bread (and because David is who he is, it will be blessed by a rabbi).

Sandwich Boxes

We are frankly hoping that New York will respond in kind by offering its most vital cultural asset—those fine Horn & Hardart Automat sandwich boxes (camp New Yorkiana circa 1925); the ones with the coffee-pouring dolphin's heads. (Our plan is to dispense French bread in them, a most symbolic gesture, we feel. We suggest that either Mr. Horn or Mr. Hardart use the coupon below, or if they prefer, buy an advertisement in this magazine, a very excellent one, we can assure them.)

Small Beginning

It is admittedly a small beginning, but we are certain nonetheless that should we all follow David's courageous lead, we'll see the day when New Yorkers will enjoy daily cable car rides, while San Franciscans will have New York's own Bobby Kennedy as Mayor, or Governor, or something.

So, dear customers and old friends in New York and elsewhere, may we suggest you relax and together with us, take heed to the words of Ecclesiastes: "Eat Thy Bread With Joy."

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Mr. David (Apfelbaum)
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"Man lives not by matzoh balls alone." Please send me five weeks of San Francisco Kosher Sourdough French Bread delivered via air special to my door. I enclose $10 for five loaves (I hope they will be among the first 100 autographed by yourself).

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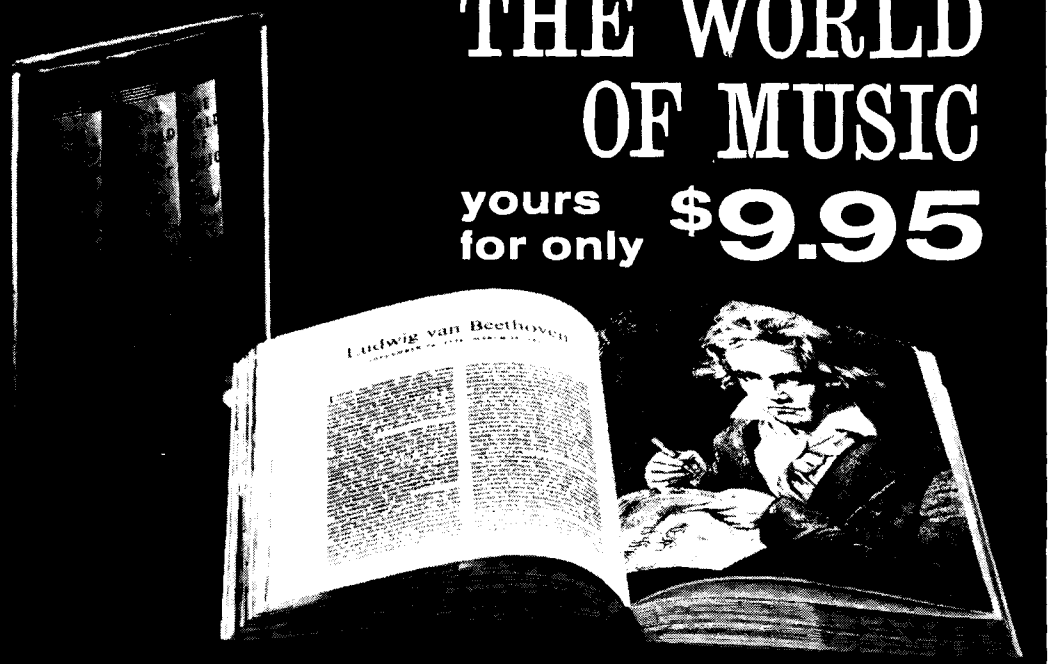

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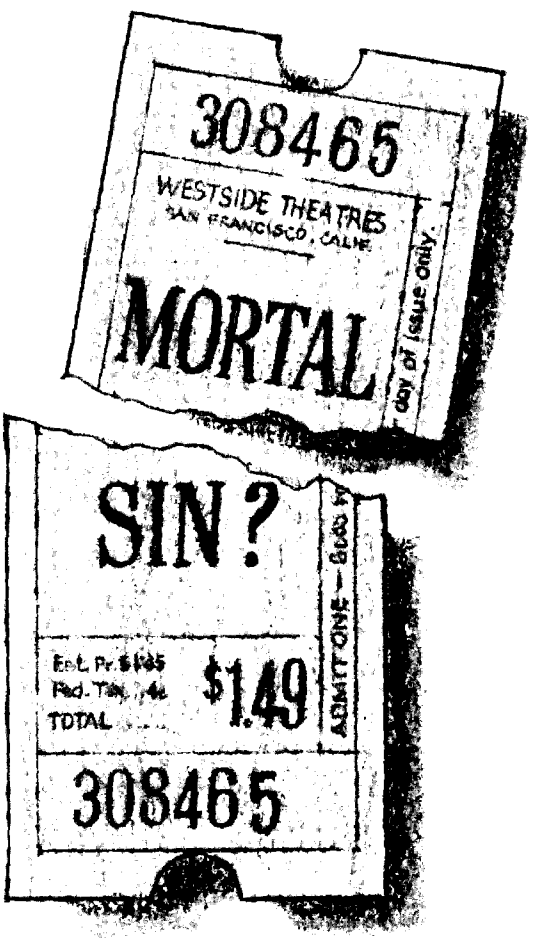
marginalia

EDITORIAL: The Lesion of Decency



A prominent Hollywood movie director has suggested that American motion picture interests should sue the Catholic Church for acting in restraint of trade — in violation of Federal law. The primary target of this barb is the Legion of Decency, an agency of the American Catholic Church which regularly publishes lists of movies rated according to their "morality."

We think the director's proposal has considerable merit. It would certainly help to clear the air, not only on the larger American scene but, significantly, within the Catholic community itself, where considerable apprehension exists over the ambiguities of Legion policy and activity.

The crux of the movie director's argument is, of course, the boycott aspect of the Legion of Decency pledge, renewed annually by most practicing Catholics. The pledge, administered by parish priests, contains an express promise not to patronize theaters which exhibit movies condemned by the Legion.

The main hang-up is nudity. Legion officials do not condemn the presentation of nudity as being essentially evil. They agree with those directors who deplore the presentation of nudity when motivated by sheer sensationalism and who hold that, in the proper artistic setting, nudity has its place. What rubs the artistically sensitive director the wrong way is that, given these conditions, Legion officials attempt to dictate the terms of the artistry itself. (And, as a practical matter, they succeed, since a film condemned by the Legion, for whatever cause, is virtually doomed to economic failure.)

According to the Most Rev. James A. McNulty, Bishop of Buffalo and ex-Chairman of the Episcopal Committee for Motion Pictures, Radio and Television, the Legion's aim is to unite Catholics under its banner "so that the Catholic body in the United States may present a solid front and proclaim a concerted voice, as it were, that it will *not* be satisfied until the general moral tone of . . . films is worthy of the American people."

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This is the kind of statement that puts the fear of the Catholic Church into the hearts of many Americans and fosters the absolutist approach to "separation of Church and State" issues. It lays bare the dedication of a Bishop McNulty to the proposition that our country will be best served only when it has been pressured into conformity with hierarchical interpretations of Catholic moral standards.

A detailed and candid report on the Legion, by Ramparts' staff writer Judy Stone, appears in this issue. (See p. 43.) That the American bishops — the Legion's sponsors — are themselves divided on the meaning of the Legion, especially for Catholics, is revealed.

In the Jesuit weekly, America (March 11, 1961), Bishop McNulty wrote: "All too many Catholics are under the impression that they are being 'pressured' when asked to subscribe to the promises the Legion proposes to them in its pledge."

Precisely. And the pressure applied is, for Catholics, the most compelling of all: mortal sin. But the system breaks down within the Catholic community in the diverse opinions of Church authorities concerning whether or not a Catholic *ipso facto* commits the "sin of the damned" by viewing a movie condemned as immoral by the Legion. In other words: Does the Catholic substitute the conscience of the Legion for his own?

A recent sampling of Catholic officialdom reveals a sharp divergence of opinion from chancery to chancery. (See p. 51.) Some of the chancery officials polled held, quite literally, that on the question of movie morality the individual Catholic could not make his own judgment in conscience. This is the call to blind obedience that has been thundering out of ecclesiastical chambers for centuries, and it always causes trouble.

. . . the call to blind obedience . . .

Paradoxically, while Church authorities have been busy treating adults like children, they have been even busier treating children like adults.

It is one thing for the Church-rack pamphleteers, writing for adults, to state that if a bishop rules it is immoral to go dancing on Saturday night, all Catholics in the bishop's territory who go dancing on Saturday night commit a mortal sin. After all, only little old ladies in tennis shoes would take this kind of thing seriously today. It is quite another thing, however, to be a parent of a seven-year-old child who has it hammered home to him in the parochial school, that he has, in his own little hands, the power to alter the course of his God-willed eternal life — not ultimately, but right now, at age seven or eight or nine.

. . . "Tell the mortal sins first" . . .

While the University priest-theologian tells a group of wide-eyed students that he finds it almost impossible to believe that a mortal sin (by Catholic definition) has ever been concretized in any human life, the parochial school nun prepares her second graders for their "first confession" by teaching them to sort out their mortal sins from their venial sins. ("Tell the mortal sins first.")

The ambiguity of mortal sin — a thorny problem for contemporary Catholics — tends to bolster any argument against the continued existence of the Legion of Decency. Indeed, it might even tend to strengthen restraint of trade charges, as long as there are bishops' delegates who continue to apply the pressure of mortal sin on members of their Church — the only effective means they have of causing a given movie to fail.

We do not think it necessarily farfetched to visualize a legal test of the Legion focusing on the Catholic theology of mortal sin. The chancery theologian might be asked to show his good faith in applying the pressure of mortal sin on Catholics, by proving his theology of mortal sin as official Catholic teaching. A circus would ensue.

For every theologian produced to support the thesis that a Catholic must abdicate his conscience in favor of the Legion, another could be produced to say that under no circumstances can a Catholic be subjected to the pressure of mortal sin in the exercise of a conscientious, prudential judgment pertaining to his movie-going habits.

We do not deny the right of the Catholic Hierarchy to plump for more decency, higher standards of morality, the common good, and all that. But before they do so in terms of specific issues, Church officials should be willing to accept the responsibility imposed by certain minimal requirements. We can suggest three: 1) that the issue is clear-cut (e.g., the immorality of racial segregation), 2) that the approach to the issue is at least tenable within their own house, so as not to burden the nation with Catholic intramural theological squabbles, and 3) that they make no false claims with respect to precisely whom they represent. (Who *does* the Legion of Decency represent?)

. . . Catholic intramural theological squabbles . . .

If some movie producer decides to resort to law on the restraint of trade issue, he might unwittingly be doing Catholics the favor of helping them to untangle the vagaries of at least one of the bishops' ad hoc agencies.

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TRAVEL: The Road to Jerusalem

(Proctologist, author, poet, ventriloquist, San Francisco "citizen of the year" (1960), Dr. Feigen is a member of the firm of Feigen & Gossage, generalist consultants.)

by Gerald M. Feigen

On the afternoon before Yom Kippur, 1964, I was driving down from Caesaria along the main road to Jerusalem. I was worried about the tabu. No one in Israel drives a car on Yom Kippur, and Yom Kippur begins at sunset the evening before. My passenger, a resident of Jerusalem, assured me that we would arrive in time, yet I was aware of an increasing anxiety. I did not want to be compelled to violate the tradition. I began to wonder why this bothered me, an American tourist who had not observed Yom Kippur for forty years.

. The empty stomach seemed to ache . . .

Drifting into recall, I remembered myself at age nine, in a New Jersey town. I was quite impressed with this Day of Atonement, the long hours in the Temple, and the fasting. The empty stomach seemed to ache for such a long time. The prayers were very solemn, and the old men, wrapped in prayer shawls, crying out the liturgy, looked like awesome sages to me. That afternoon I went home, and into the pantry. I asked myself, "For what do you have to atone?" Thinking over my young past, I decided my sins were too small for fasting. I looked up at the ceiling and called upon God to make himself known. I said I was going to break my fast, and eat a piece of upside-down cake, and if there was a God, let Him do something to me before I counted to ten. I counted slowly, to be fair, and took deep breaths between, but nothing happened; I lost my respect for Yom Kippur and never fasted again.

Now, decades later, I was frightened. I could not believe that guilt concerning my break with Judaism was a real factor. I have always felt that a man bound by any dogma loses his freedom of choice—he gives up his responsibility for his life by a commitment to ritual. I thought that I had utilized my cultural advantages as a Jew to enrich my life. It had to be something other than fear of the wrath of Jehovah. It had something to do with Israel and Israelis, and my sense of alienation, not from God but from this group of serious, aggressive people, covering a spectrum of blonde to brown, devoutness to atheism, left to right; I had hoped to find a strong feeling of identity, but I felt like a stranger and respected the special ominous day, as I would in any foreign country. Maybe it had something to do with manners, good taste and my own natural reserve among foreigners.

. . . a pair of hitch-hiking soldiers . . .

I didn't feel that I was getting anywhere in analyzing my reaction. We picked up a pair of hitch-hiking soldiers near the Arab village of Abu-Gosh. Since all public transportation would stop at sundown, they would have been left to hike 14 kilometers into the darkness. I didn't begrudge them the ride, but the time. "Toda-Rabah" they both said, rather tersely. It means, "Thank you very much." They talked in Hebrew, and my friend translated. They accepted the ride as a matter of course. Who wouldn't stop for a Jew on Yom Kippur Eve? Neither of them were going to the synagogue, but they were going to fast. They were against the orthodoxy; most of their friends were not religious, but they still respected Yom Kippur. It didn't imply that you were a true believer — merely that you were a Jew in Israel.

. . . The tabus of primitive tribes . . .

I wondered if there was some kind of ominous myth in the collective unconscious of all people. The tabus of primitive tribes that have never made contact with one another were said to be similar. In many cultures, in different civilizations, there were ominous days — one day a year, perhaps for repentance, for sacrifice, for meditation — but always a

Gerald M. Feigen

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day of intensity, a day of deep feeling and awe. It was as if there was a need for consideration of the past and of destiny, for these ominous days were observed down the generations as if passed along in the germ plasma.

I had to drop my friend at his home on one side of the city and drive across unfamiliar streets to the house where I was a guest. Furthermore, my trip would carry me right up to the Mea Shaarim, the fanatically orthodox sector, where it was rumored not only the young boys with the piyot hanging down in front of the ears, but also the elders, had been known to throw rocks at cars which were driven on the Shabat (Sabbath). The sun began to drop quite rapidly, and the stone houses of Jerusalem shone with a special light which changed from gold to pink, to beige and then to silver and shadow. I had to let the soldiers out, each one in a different area. As soon as I reached the city I knew I was going to be late. Already there was a sprinkling of people dressed neatly, the men wearing the Tallith and carrying prayer books, walking in the middle of the road, as if certain that now that the sun was practically down, no one would dare to use the road for automobiles. I felt peculiarly timid. I didn't want to sound the horn, as if the noise would attract attention to my transgression. So I crawled along perspiring and a little panicky, until we reached Talhei Street and I helped my friend carry his things into his house.

. . . no one would dare use the road . . .

I didn't feel secure about the route to the border of the Mea Shaarim, so he drew a map which would guide me by the King David Hotel, up to Zion Square, and then along Ben Yehuda Street to the first stop light. A right turn here would take me to the Avenue of the Prophets, and thence to the ancient, winding Bnai Brith Street, and the red door at number 12. The street signs in Jerusalem are small, and although both in English and Hebrew, at dusk it is almost impossible to read the English letters from any distance.

I said goodbye without betraying the extent of my discomfort, and almost at once I realized that it was going to be rough. In the dimming light, I tried to move quickly toward Zion Square, and on the way, in the relatively non-religious part of the city, I encountered a few hostile stares and an occasional fist, shaken at me in a mildly threatening way. I could feel my heart pounding, and I discovered I was trembling a little. I had an urgent desire to get it done with. The crowds of worshippers in the roads grew larger; they were slowly meandering toward the dozens of synagogues, and

. . . it was going to be rough . . .

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since I now had to turn on my headlights, they turned to stare. There was disbelief, and then anger, as they had to move aside to let me pass. Some teen-age boys threw sticks at the car, perhaps more with mischief than with conviction, but they accompanied it with cries of shame in Hebrew — shame on you, you stupid tourist in a rented car; don't you know better? This proves you're not a Jew, or else you have bad manners. This was my slightly paranoid translation.

This proves you're not a Jew . . .

When finally I reached Ben Yehuda Street and drove up to the stoplight, which was not working, because there was no traffic on the Eve of Yom Kippur, I had to stop. I was surrounded and couldn't pass; the little mob of black-coated men formed a ragged semicircle in front, and stood there staring and muttering an assortment of imprecations. A few children joined in at the fringe, and taunted me. There was no act of violence, but the hostility was positively lacerating. I tried to explain in my pitiful Hebrew but they paid no attention. Finally, after five minutes or so of this punitive silence, one venerable old man, with black hat and white beard, incredibly stooped and dried, spat at me, and with great scorn made an opening in the crowd. They let me by. Along the Street of Prophets and Bnai Brith Street noisy sing-song taunts of children accompanied me until I parked and went into the house.

. . sing-song taunts of children . . .

As I sat in an old rocker, rhythmically scraping the stone floor on tired runners, I felt myself paying off my anxiety; gradually as my breathing slowed down, I pondered the experience. The old patriarch seemed a symbolic figure parading across my life, lost somewhere in my psyche, from the early years when he stood in the temple and frightened me with his look, as if he was an agent of God, and made me feel guilty. My host interrupted my thoughts and expressed sympathy. I was assured that it was a genuine, national involvement, this Yom Kippur. Even the unbelievers observed it, one way or another, and often found reasons to fast. But even those who did not fast, remained at home quietly involved.

Collecting my thoughts, I decided that my severe symptoms were reactive to my childhood memories of Yom Kippur, the reputation of the Mea Shaarim, and the statements of so many Israelis of the importance of the tabu. But that wasn't all of it. My feelings were intensified by some special quality generated by this land, its history and people, and the history of the Jews everywhere. During the past few days I had visited the ancient fortress at Acre, and saw the execution chamber, where a number of Jewish fighters were hanged; I saw the death cells, and the red suits worn by the condemned, lying freshly laundered on the bare cots; I learned of the fantastic escape of a large number of Irgun prisoners which came just too late to save the condemned. This was the beginning of the modern State of Israel.

I also saw the Yad Vashem, the Memorial to the Jews who were destroyed by the Nazis. It was an enormous square building, its walls made of giant boulders selected from the Galilee. The roof was made of thick, heavy concrete, sloping down to within a foot of the walls, leaving a small space through which light filtered softly. Once past the massive, sculptured doors, I saw a vast, dark hall; a corridor ran around a floor of blue and white tile, recessed about three feet. An eternal flame burned in one corner, but what made the eyes mist over were the names of the concentration camps spelled out in the tile — Dachau, Maidenek, Auschwitz — a silent roll call that filled me with despair and hope.

. . . Dachau, Maidenek, Auschwitz . . .

And so sitting exhausted on my rocking chair, I realized that the Israelis have cherished Yom Kippur as a total tradition — a day not so much of atonement, as of tribute to the many times when civilizations perished, the Jews survived. It had become a day of silent thought, a national intensity, polished into a gem-like tradition by universal acceptance. The unbelievers seemed to acknowledge with a kind of reverence that it was the believers, who in many lands over the centuries, kept the Jewish race and ideal alive by continuing, year by year, the orthodox services on Yom Kippur in the synagogues, undaunted by persecution, segregation, and scorn. It was a day of the dead and the living; and although the majority of the Children of Israel do not follow any defined, theologic construct, they venerate this day holding fast to its traditional lever, and adding a special quality of their own — a memorial, observed with some kind of personal sacrifice. It was a salute to the patriarchs, a gesture of feeling altogether non-intellectual, which enabled them to accept the "tabu."

. . . some kind of personal sacrifice . . .

It was an enriching, if frightening, experience for me; in some way the dialogue I had with myself, validated its character. It helped me delineate my knowledge of Jewish history, and my sense of loss at being a noncontributor, except of my own personal integrity. The day was still ominous to me, but now in a more understandable way. The psychologic pain left, and I was able to meditate peacefully.

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ET CETERA:
SNCC Marching Orders

SNCC Insignia

Things are rough all over. Some evidence of how rough things really are for Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee civil rights workers in Jackson, Mississippi, is supplied by the elaborate security regulations set forth in SNCC's **Security Bulletin***—issued to all Jackson workers.*

SECURITY BULLETIN

1. *Communications personnel will act as security officers*

2. *Travel*

(a) When persons leave their project, they **must** call their project person to person for **themselves** on arrival at destination point. Should they be missing, project personnel will notify the Jackson office. WATS line operators will call each project every day at dinnertime or thereabouts, and should be notified of changes in personnel, transfers, etc. (If trips are planned in advance, this information can go to Jackson by mail. Phone should be used only where there is no time. Care should be taken at all times to avoid, if possible, full names of persons travelling.) Checklists should be used in local projects for personnel to check in and out.

(b) Doors of cars should be locked at all times. At night, windows should be rolled up as much as possible. Gas tanks must have locks and be kept locked. Hoods should also be locked.

. . . Travel at night should be avoided . . .

(c) No one should go **anywhere** alone, but certainly not in an automobile, and certainly not at night.

(d) Travel at night should be avoided unless absolutely necessary.

(e) Remove all unnecessary objects from your car which could be construed as weapons. (Hammers, files, iron rules, etc.) Absolutely no liquor bottles, beer cans, etc. should be inside your car. Do not travel with names and addresses of local contacts.

(f) Know all roads in and out of town. Study the county map.

(g) Know locations of sanctuaries and safe homes in the county.

(h) When getting out of a car at night, make sure the car's inside light is out.

(i) Be conscious of cars which circle offices or Freedom House. Take license numbers of all suspicious cars. Note make, model and year. Cars without license plates should immediately be reported to the project office.

. . . try not to sleep near open windows . . .

3. *Living at Home or in Freedom Houses*

(a) If it can be avoided, try not to sleep near open windows. Try to sleep at the back of the house, i.e., the part farthest from a road or street.

(b) Do not stand in doorways at night with the light at your back.

(c) At night, people should not sit in their rooms without drawn shades.

(d) Do not congregate in front of the house at night.

(e) Make sure doors to Freedom Houses have locks, and are locked.

(f) Keep records of suspicious events, i.e., the same car circling around the house or office several times during the day or week. Take license numbers, makes, years and models of cars. Keep records of the times these cars appear.

. . . If an incident occurs . . .

(g) If an "incident" occurs, or is about to occur, call the project, and then notify local FBI and police.

(h) Depending on project needs and circumstances, it may be advisable for new personnel to make deliberate attempts to introduce themselves immediately to local police and tell them their reasons for being in the area.

(i) A phone should be installed in each Freedom House, if there isn't one already. If a private phone is used, please put a lock on it. Otherwise, install a pay phone.

4. *Personal Actions*

(a) Carry identification at all times. Men should carry draft cards.

(b) All drivers should have in their possession driver's licenses, registration papers, and bills of sale. The information should also be on record with the project director. If you are carrying supplies, it might be well to have a letter authorizing the supplies from a particular individual to avoid charges of carrying stolen goods.

. . . You must not drink . . .

(c) Mississippi is a dry state and though liquor is ostensibly outlawed, it is available everywhere. You **must not** drink in offices, or Freedom Houses. This is especially important for persons under 21.

(d) Try to avoid bizarre or provocative clothing, and beards. Be neat.

(e) Make sure that prescribed medicines are clearly marked, with your name, the doctor's name, etc.

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5. *Information to Police*
Under no circumstances should you give the address of the local person with whom you are living, his or her name, or the names of any local persons who are associated with you. When police ask where you live, give your local project or Freedom House address, or if necessary, your out of state address.

6. *Policy*
(a) People who do not adhere to disciplinary requirements will be asked to leave the projects.

(b) Security precautions are a matter of group responsibility. Each individual should take an interest in every other person's safety, well being, and discipline.

(c) At all times you should be aware of the danger to local residents. White volunteers must be especially careful.

LETTERS: War in the South

Sirs:

Your issue of June, with its special report, "The South at War," should do much to enlighten and (I hope) awaken our people all over the United States. I say, "our people" for this is truly the problem of every American, be he Negro or not, be he Christian or Jew, or no religion whatever.

I am the father of a 24-year-old son, an Engineering Graduate of Stanford, who chose to work for SNCC in Mississippi, rather than accept a lucrative job offer. His 15 months there have taught me the answer to my first question, "Why is it your battle, son?" And yet, with all of the arrests, beatings and even deaths that have occurred, I am constantly amazed by those who cannot or will not understand. For these are truly the leaders in this tremendous struggle.

. . "Why is it your battle, son?" . . .

The recent actions of our civic leaders, our clergymen, and of our government have only followed the dramatic, sometimes tragic results of their accomplishments.

We thank Ramparts Magazine for a valuable contribution to understanding, and hope that more people will support these young workers. After all, are they not tackling the job that our generation has so UNsuccessfully avoided?

Harold B. Light
San Francisco, California

Sirs:

Have just read "The South at War" (Ramparts, June). A magnificent expression of love-anger, beautifully crafted. I trust you saw to it that a copy made its way to the Oval Office in the White House.

. . . Ramparts, like love itself . . .

You have my hope that Ramparts, like love itself, remains an enduring reality in our not best of all possible worlds.

Stanley Terra
Davis, California

Sirs:

Your June issue on Selma was very moving.

Whatever the details are on Archbishop O'Boyle, if he had not initially given his priests the OK to go to Selma there would have been far fewer Catholics there. I think his leadership in this act was crucial. It helped all of us a lot.

Mathew Ahmann
National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice
New Orleans, Louisiana

Sirs:

Your story mentioned priests and nuns in Selma and Montgomery. Why no mention of the role played by Catholic Interracial Councils?

Ramparts missed an excellent opportunity to remind its Catholic readers of a positive way to promote equal rights in their own parishes, in their own neighborhoods.

Norman C. McKenna
Prince George's County, Maryland

Sirs:

Your June, 1965 issue "The South at War," is WONDERFUL! It is by far the best and most comprehensive reporting I have read on the Civil War in Alabama. I couldn't agree more that the South is still fighting the Civil War. They have never stopped fighting it.

. . . still fighting the Civil War . . .

The entire issue is exemplary. Perhaps a better word to describe it is "inspired." I particularly enjoyed Mr. Keating's Introduction although I did think he was too critical of President Johnson. Mr.

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a layman's
powerful critique
of the
Catholic Church
in America

THE SCANDAL OF SILENCE

by Edward M. Keating
Editor-in-Chief of Ramparts Magazine

In THE SCANDAL OF SILENCE, Edward M. Keating — an American Catholic layman of the new breed who are making their views heard — offers a frank critique of the Roman Catholic Church and its "ghetto mentality."

His is a lively and logical commentary on the American Church's power structure, educational system and, particularly, its lack of leadership in social and racial matters.

In calling for the open-air policy that Pope John XXIII called *aggiornamento*, Mr. Keating leads the attack on the tradition of lay silence . . . "unaided by anything but the belief that this psychological wall must come down."

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Please send me, postage paid, a copy of "The Scandal of Silence" for $4.95.

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. . . I wept at several points . . .

Johnson's heart is obviously in the right place and he is a champion of civil rights. This is all the more to his credit in that he himself is a Southerner. I thought that his Voting Rights Speech of March 15, 1965, was splendid. I was so moved by it that I wept at several points. He was slow to act, it's true, but act he did eventually, and in a magnificent fashion. It is tragic that three fine Americans had to die in the meantime, however. Perhaps their lives could have been saved had he acted more precipitately.

Yours is a great magazine and I am lending my copies to friends, recommending that they subscribe. I have purchased several copies of this latest issue and given some of them away. Everyone is properly impressed.

Mrs. Bette L. Stern
Los Angeles, California

Sirs:

I was excited and impressed, as usual, by your June issue entitled "The South at War." On first reading, I thought Battles of Selma was one of the best in-depth jobs of reporting, research and journalism I have seen. I was a participant in a couple of those "battles" and it was a pleasure to see such accurate recording of events—that rarely occurs in most newspapers and magazines. But, while all the details were accurate, the more I considered what you had done, the more I came to believe that it was essentially incorrect.

Most of us have little "sense of history" (that's a much publicized phrase these days). It is a condition that results from having had history taught to us in terms of events, dates, places, battles, generals, etc. Having read "The Five Battles," I found it difficult to bring the "war" back into focus.

It is not enough to suggest that Selma is an important event — important enough to document and research impeccably. It is too easy to simply isolate for examination, for that isolation results in an "objectivity" that prevents seeing the journey of which Selma is just a waystation.

. . . Selma is also San Francisco . . .

Selma is also San Francisco; and Jack Shelley and Joe Smitherman have more in common than their jobs of being mayors.

Selma is also the people who lost their jobs for demonstrating for freedom — people who are not "generals," or "cadre," or "jeunesse" — people who have to continue to live on the battlefield after the battle is fought and the histori-

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ans and reporters have moved off in search of more romance.

Selma is also the farmers who may be "disappeared" in six months or two years for letting the marchers camp in their muddy fields.

. . . before a white cleric was killed . . .

Selma also may some day be a town with a Negro sheriff and it may be that your "Five Battles" have had something to do with it.

Selma is also the hundreds of clergymen who were never roused before a white cleric was killed; and who came down after watching a TV show and then went home and have not been roused since.

Selma is also all the lies and confusion we all live with every minute in this country of 1776, 1812, 1861, 1914-18, December 7, and 1965.

Selma is also last year and next year. Selma is this country. The South is not at war, the U. S. A. is at war. Dick Gregory said it well, "They don't bomb churches in Mississippi . . . they bomb churches in America." And somehow, I think that dates and maps and clever classifications like "Combined Union Expeditionary Forces" get in the way of Selma, and Hunter's Point, and Newark, and Demopolis. History is not a series of isolated events, it is life . . . life today in *America* is war.

It seems ironic that your brilliant editorial in that issue, "Our 'Niggers' in Asia," is more clear about that.

Alan Myerson
San Francisco,
California

War in the Southeast

Sirs:

Your issue on the Vietnam Lobby is a genuine masterpiece. The impressive array of factual material, citing names and places, makes this issue invaluable.

. . the callous humanism . . .

A thinking American has an idea of the duplicity and cynicism which exist in Washington. Yet one is shocked at the callous anti-humanism which forms the basis for the "patriotism" proclaimed so loudly by the Johnson Administration. I must admit that I had not known all of the maneuvers which placed Diem in power. Your analyses cut the ground from under the claims of the alleged leadership in Washington.

Thank you for a job well done.

Bernard Forer
West Chester,
Pennsylvania

Sirs:

Your Vietnam issue arrived the same day the headlines told of the administration's release of major United States troop units to fight "alongside the Vietnamese," and the first consequences of that act: the death of 14 Americans and wounding of a score more in a single Viet Cong attack.

. . . the death of 14 Americans . . .

For a monthly, Ramparts is the most topical magazine I get. Keep up the good work. And congratulations on the addition of Messrs. Cohen and Stringfellow to the board.

Dennis J. Cipnic
Metairie, Louisiana

Sirs:

Of all the literature on Vietnam I have read, none is as convincing and forceful as the articles by Scheer, Worthy, Raskin, Hinckle and Prince Sihanouk in your July issue. Congratulations. As a student from Malaysia I deplore the United States actions in Vietnam, because they give us Southeast Asians no other choices but communism and anti-communism — the American way of life. I don't like communism, but I do not "anti" it; I like the American way of life, but I do not force people to accept it. I only beg the United States government to let us alone.

. . . I only beg the United States . . .

The articles should be read by all Americans, to whom the ideas of democracy and justice are so dear. But alas, I can't find your magazine in the libraries in Cleveland, public or university. Only a few copies at the newsstands. When will they ever learn? When all the Communists have been wiped out? We shall then see one another again when we cannot see one another again.

You have done a very good job, and I sincerely hope you keep up this tradition.

Raymond Liew (Malaysia)
Oberlin College, Ohio

Sirs:

In the July issue of Ramparts you ("The Editors") say about Vietnam, "the seemingly unutterable question is—why?"

I have a copy of a leaflet I got at Sather Gate. It is inscribed "Campus Progressive Labor" and it quotes as follows: "Now let us assume that we lost Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, several things happen right away. The peninsula, the last bit of land hanging down there, would scarcely be defensible. The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming . . . So

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when the United States votes $400 million to help that war, we are not voting a give away program. We are voting for the cheapest way that we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of a most terrible significance to the United States of America, our security, our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of the Indo-Chinese territory and from Southeast Asia"—President Eisenhower at a Governor's Conference, August 4, 1953.

So apparently the question has been uttered. At least Eisenhower and the campus leafleteers thought it should be answered.

Clifton Amsbury
Richmond, California

Sirs:

The material on Vietnam in your July, 1965, issue is amazing.

. . . the George Washington of Vietnam . . .

To cast Ho Chi Minh as the George Washington of Vietnam is absurd in the extreme.

To dismiss the flight of refugees from their ancestral homes in the north as a "myth" is pathetic.

To fix the blame for the whole situation on a sinister "Vietnam Lobby" is foolishness.

The twisted inferences and weird conclusions are wrapped neatly in the cloak of "moral indignation" and an approach "stemming from the Judeo-Christian perspective of man" as stated in your editorial announcement.

Perhaps in your next issue you will be able to present definitions of these terms and perhaps they will be as fresh and lively as was your news about Vietnam.

Stanley G. Langland
Rockville, Maryland

Some Love Letters

Sirs:

It would appear that James A. Cunnife, S. C. J. Rector, and Robert J. Meyer, S. C. J. Councilor of Denton Seminary — and their ilk who cancel subscriptions to Ramparts through the medium of Ramparts' letters column — may have become upset and unduly hateful, as they seem to be, because Ramparts speaks the truth and lets the chips fall where they happen to. Shades of Galileo! May his tribe continue to increase as it is now doing.

. . . Let the accusers prove . . .

When "The truth shall make ye free" what is so wrong with Ramparts when it utters the truth? Let the accusers prove their charge that "Your magazine is outrageous" . . . "Your April article on Pope Pius XII is despicable."

Keep it (Ramparts) coming so that I may learn more of its unadulterated truths as it reports them.

Alex Degraw
Altadena, California

Sirs:

Please, dear Mr. Keating and your fellow editors, continue the high promise of quality journalism, the recognition of goodness, or striving for goodness, wherever it appears, and ecumenical concern for the City of Man with which you began Ramparts. We in the colleges need you.

Sister Mary Denise Wilkens
Chairman, Department of English
College Misericordia
Dallas, Pennsylvania

Sirs:

After having read only a few issues of Ramparts, I am prompted to thank you for so very capably undertaking the job of constructive criticism at a time when most can only be destructive at best.

I was reared in one of those typically small-minded midwestern towns with all the anti-Catholic sentiments that Quakerism all too often produces. Thank God I had outgrown most of this by the time I had reached college. Ramparts shoved me over the last hurdle.

It is no mean task to stand against the tide not only of American thought (perhaps I should say lack of it), but also of one's own faith. It takes dedication, a bit of self-pride, and a dash of good old-fashioned guts.

All these virtues seem curiously lacking in every facet of the American way of life. Being an artist, I am acutely aware of this in my own field. Perhaps if you can keep up this magnificent job long enough, the fire may spread.

. . . the fire may spread . . .

And while I'm passing out the "We Try Harder" buttons, pin one on Artist Peter Keep for the beautiful job in graphic design.

Good constructive criticism; good graphics; great publication. Please keep trying.

Richard L. Warrum
Chicago, Illinois

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IF YOU WANT ONE WRITE AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS

WE ARE going to describe something to you here. If it is what you have been looking for, write us through the party below and we'll tell you where you can see one, try one, and buy one. We won't, however, mention its name anywhere in this ad.

The reason is this: if we told you its name you'd think about that. We'd rather you thought about yourself and what you want.

We suppose we have got to say that it is a motor car. Now let's see whether it suits you:

1. It has four doors and they go *chunk*. So do the hood and the trunk.

2. It is beautifully designed to please humans, not sales-curves. Therefore it is tall enough so that a woman may step in and out gracefully, and a man may wear an opera hat if he so chooses.

3. Its soft leather seating is extraordinarily comfortable and its interior thoughtful, opulent, and capacious. Interior trim is done in walnut. Floors are covered in deep pile carpeting.

4. However, it is not unduly lengthy on the outside; no longer than it need be, in fact. Nor does its styling change. While this makes for a certain lack of gaudiness (scarcely a head will ever swivel save those of fine car buffs), it also makes for easy handling and parking.

5. On the road the _____ is as responsive as your own breathing, and requires as little conscious effort. However, it will tend to find its own cruising speed at about 78.6 MPH, so you may have to restrain it to avoid arrest.

6. It is superbly balanced. Of its power assisted brakes one automotive authority says, "It is like encountering a wall of dough; even at 110."

7. The motor is so soundless that even after years you will try to re-start it when it is running. At first you will try it at every stop light.

8. We should say "especially after years." Although the _____'s motor will seem to function faultlessly from the start, it is in fact thoroughly broken in after perhaps 47,000 miles.

9. The _____ could easily last you 15 years. With reasonable care, longer.

10. The finish on every fitting, whether visible or not, is *finished*. (The ancient Greeks used to do this too; they'd meticulously sculpt the unseen side of a frieze because the gods would know. With us it's inspection engineers—one to every three workmen, a ratio unequalled.)

11. If you are one who clings to the traditional you will be comforted to know that the _____ is possibly the only car that still comes equipped with a crank and a chromium slot to fit it into. The reason for this automotive equivalent of belt and suspenders is quite simple: our engineers want to be perfectly sure batteries are here to stay before they do anything rash.

12. If you, too, are one who is so pernickety about the _____ as to trust absolutely no one else, there is a fitted case which slides from under the dash and contains a variety of adjustment tools and touch-up paint. Heavy tools are fitted in the trunk.

13. The _____ equipped with power steering, automatic transmission, and much else sells for $5495*.

14. If you are going to Europe anyway, you may order a _____ in your home town and pick it up in England, say, for $4187; thus saving $1308 for yourself.

15. A chauffeur's partition may be had for $336 more. Not many people have chauffeurs, but some of you may have children.

16. Now, do you wish to know what it is and so forth? You may use the coupon below. The addressee has assured us that she will forward your request immediately, so you should be hearing from us very soon.

Dear Mrs. Occupant, 451 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco:

I should very much like to know what it is, where I can see it and drive it, and to receive a free four-color brochure that tells more about it.

Yours faithfully,

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

R

*Manufacturer's recommended retail price.

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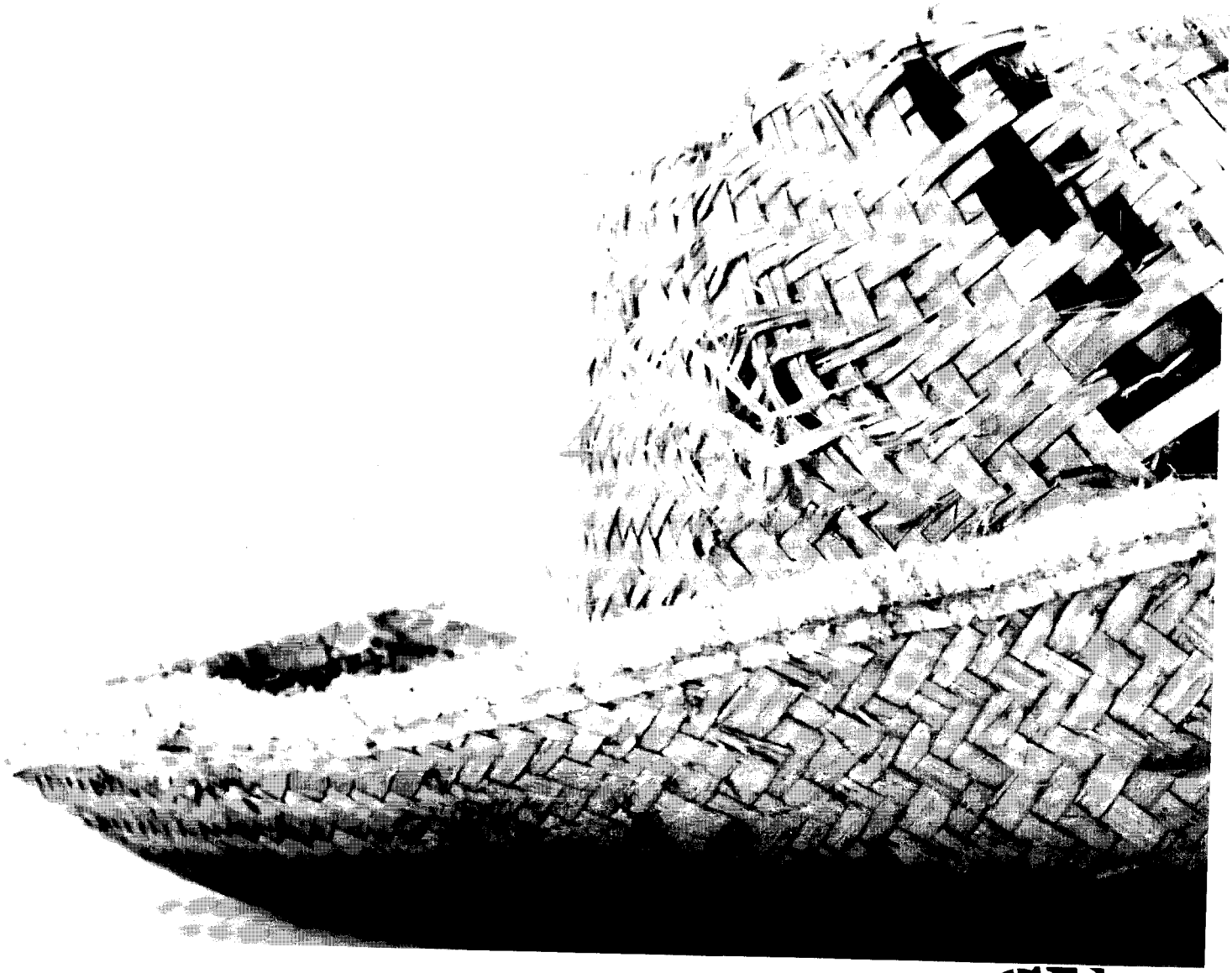

NO DICE FOR BRACERO

William Turner reports on the longe

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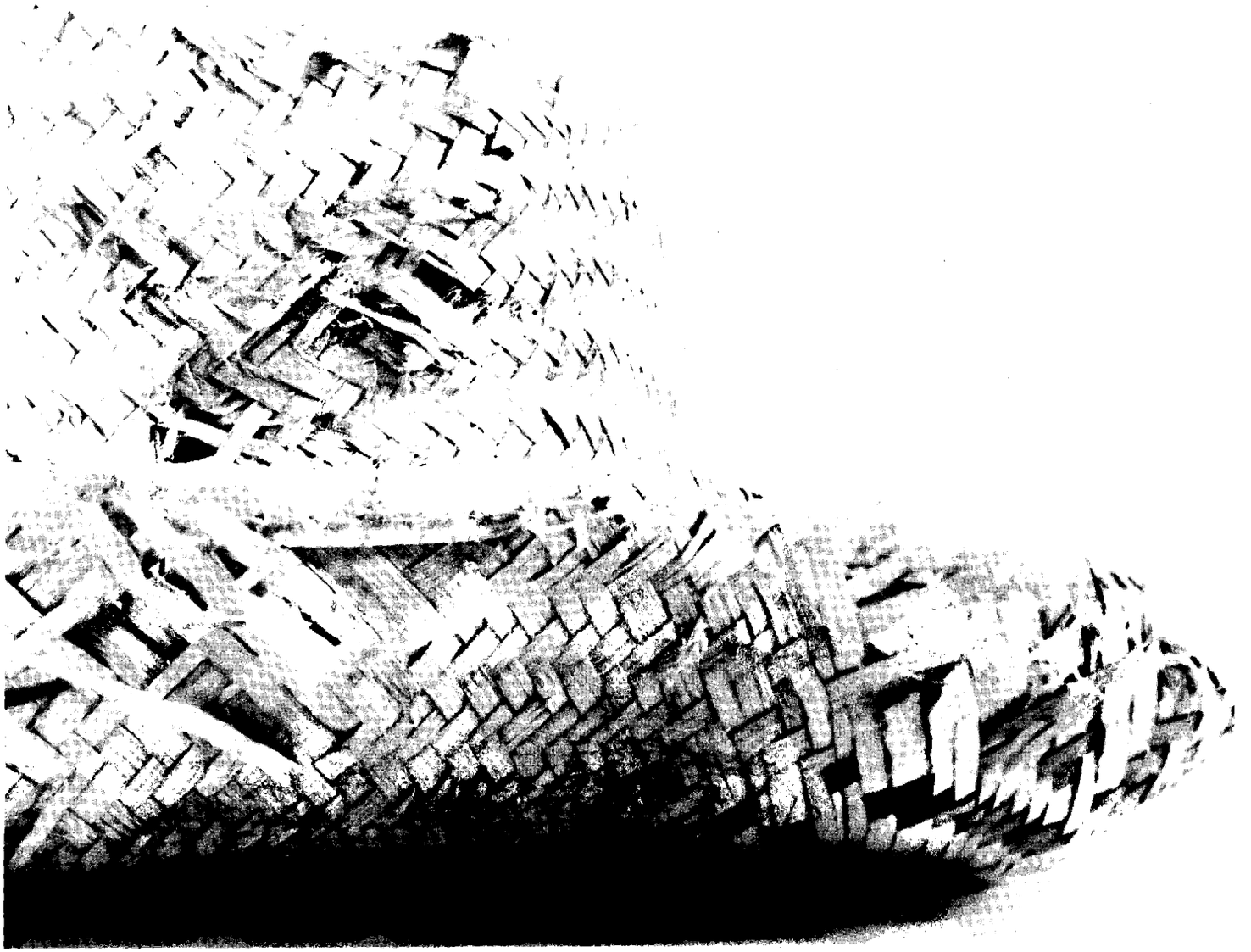

IN THE EARLY '20s, at San Francisco's Lowell High School, Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, now in his second term as Governor of the Golden State, was a member of "The Nocturnes," a group of crapshooting schoolboys. One of his brother Nocturnes was Norton Simon, now a widely known art connoisseur (he recently bought a Rembrandt for over $2 million) and head of Hunt Foods and Industries, the nation's largest tomato processor. Over the years Brown has continued his affinity for powerful friends in the food production business. He has long been on intimate terms with Joseph and Robert Di Giorgio, of the Di Giorgio Fruit Corporation empire. Palmer C. Mendelson, an ubiquitous grower-spokesman, and Lionel Steinberg and Jim Camp, millionaire growers, are close confidants. These men are part of the nucleus of "agribusiness," the California agriculturist complex that last year rang up $3.6 billion in receipts by supplying some 40 percent of the nation's table food – and dissuaded Brown from exercising his best human instincts to kill once and for all the Mexican bracero program that has displaced and demoralized the American farm laborer.

The issue of the bracero versus the domestic worker is a hot one in a state where the political pot is always simmering. The temperature approached the boiling point last Fall when Congress refused another reprieve for Public Law 78, the Korean War emergency measure that had been extended a number of times for the convenience of agribusiness. Theoretically, P. L. 78 permitted the importation of braceros only if sufficient numbers of Americans were not available to bring in the harvest. But in practice it didn't work out that way. Braceros formed the hard core of the labor force, forcing indigenous workers to compete for jobs which were offered on the basis of substandard bracero norms. At the height of the program a seasonal tide of 100,000

:ap game in California's political history

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braceros swept into California, disrupting any hope of the domestics for a semblance of job stability. To the single-minded interests of agribusiness braceroism was a cheap labor windfall – it drove wages and working conditions below rock bottom and kept them there. And equally important, braceros were for all practical purposes a captive labor force that could be shuttled wherever needed, thus effectively preventing American workers from organizing.

Special license never dies easily, and agribusiness, faced with the prospect of losing the braceros, girded for an all-out fight. The strategy involved a two-pronged offensive – one directed at public sympathy, and the other at political support. When California crops began to ripen this Spring – as inevitably they would – growers complained of a crippling labor shortage and predicted crops would rot in the fields, never a pretty picture, even in a land of abundance. To dramatize the claim, plow-unders were staged for the benefit of the press. Freshman Senator George Murphy, far more versed in theatrics than farm labor problems, showed up in the fields to act as master of ceremonies. In one instance he drove past mile after mile of parked automobiles belonging to domestic workers busy in the fields, to preside while an Orange County farmer plowed under a single row of berries. "Every day they wait to bring back braceros adds to the tragedy here," he said. Then he hopped a northbound plane for Salinas, the heart of Steinbeck country, to carry out a similar performance on behalf of the lettuce growers.

On the political front, the big guns of agribusiness were leveled at "Pat" Brown, then wavering between fence-straddling and open endorsement of the growers' cause. For Brown, a former painters' union attorney and a nominal liberal, the problem was racking. There was an inescapable parallel between wanton abandonment of the farm worker and civil rights – a field in which he had achieved a fair enough record. Dr. Paul O'Rourke, his own Anti-Poverty Director, had flatly told him that any anti-poverty program in California was meaningless until the bracero was eliminated and the plight of the domestic farm worker alleviated. (O'Rourke calls Highway 99, which stretches from the Sacramento Valley in the North to the Imperial Valley in the South, "the longest slum in the world," referring to the farm laborers' shanties that border it.)

When he first moved into the Governor's mansion in January, 1959, Brown gave every indication that he was not only aware of the sad consequences of braceroism, but intended to do something about it. Acknowledging the bleat of agribusiness that California was in competition with other agricultural states, he nonetheless insisted that the farm laborer be included in the proposed $1.25 minimum wage for the state (at the time farm wages were hovering around 90 cents an hour). "If a person is worth hiring," said Brown, "he is worth paying a decent, living wage. The special interest group which denies that, imperils its own future as well as California's."

The probity of Brown's remark – and its simple logic – was lost on agribusiness, which saw its prosperity as based solely on maintaining the leanest possible payrolls. And in the end it was not agribusiness which capitulated, but Brown. Within two years he yielded to the growers he once had been "ready to battle" and reneged on his pledges to give farm workers a minimum wage. He found the tug of the big power alignment irresistible.

The Anatomy of Agribusiness

The shape and form of the agribusiness lobby in California is awesome to behold. California Packing (Cal Pak), the world's largest canner of fruits and vegetables, operates at every level, from the field to the supermarket, where its familiar Del Monte label appears; sales are well over $400 million annually. Hunt Foods and Industries, producers of Hunt's catsup and tomato paste and Wesson salad and cooking oil, has diversified into steel, matches and glass containers; it generates some $400 million a year with profits climbing. Di Giorgio Fruit, one of the largest fresh fruit grower-distributors in the world, is a $75 million a year enterprise. Allied with these and other less conspicuous growers are the peripheral interests, e.g., Bank of America, the world's largest bank, which has a stake in a huge slice of the state's farmlands; Southern Pacific railroad, shipper to the industry, and owner of vast acreage in the fertile San Joaquin Valley; and Kern County Land Company, which for all practical purposes *is* Kern County.

The reticular pattern of interest is shown by the interlocking directorships of the corporations. Robert Di Giorgio is a Bank of America director, while Carl F. Wente, a Bank of America Vice President, is a Di Giorgio director. Insurance-realty executive A. E. Scarboro sits on both boards, as does influential Southern California merchandiser Prentis Hale. Edward W. Carter, a director of Hale's department store chain, is also a trustee of the Irvine Corporation, which owns a major segment of Orange County fruitlands and Imperial Valley lettuce acreage. Four Cal Pak directors sit simultaneously on the board of the Wells Fargo Bank, second largest farm financer in the state.

The corporate viewpoint has not suffered for want of spokesmen. For example, Jesse W. Tapp, an agricultural economist is Board Chairman of the Bank of America and President of the State Board of Agriculture. He has consistently plugged for more braceros on the ground that domestic labor just won't fill the bill.

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"Most of our unemployed have work habits which make farm labor unattractive to them," he told the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, in predicting another banner year for California agribusiness. And this version has been repeatedly echoed by Earl Coke, a retiring vice president of the Bank of America and former right-hand man to Ezra Benson, Eisenhower's ultraconservative Secretary of Agriculture. Coke asserted: "Just what effect the unwillingness of the (Federal) Government to provide the usual numbers of seasonal labor would be to California is yet difficult to determine. Earlier this year we announced that we would not finance growers unless there was some assurance of labor supplies." Assured by Labor Secretary Wirtz that workers would be available, however, the Bank of America went ahead with loans to growers.

Parenthetically, University of California agriculture economist, Dr. Varden Fuller, has outlined what may underlie the interest of a bank in keeping farm wages depressed. He points out that if strawberries sell for $1 a unit and can be picked for 5 cents a unit, business is likely to be quite profitable. "At this structure of prices pickers could command much higher wages if they had the power to do so. But if pickers continue to be available at 5 cents per unit, the strawberry acreage will expand." Expansion, of course, keeps the price of farm land high, which is all to the banks' advantage.

No less interested in braceroism are the state's large independent growers. Banded together in local associations and cooperatives and represented at the state level by the Council of California Growers, they form a unified propaganda front. These associations earmark a portion of receipts for a so-called "promotion fund," actually one of the more potent political slush funds in California. Foremost among the big growers is Lionel Steinberg, a wealthy Coachella Valley grape grower and Democratic Party stalwart. Appointed by Brown as Vice President of the State Board of Agriculture, Steinberg has little difficulty catching the Governor's ear on agribusiness problems.

The dice are loaded on the State Board of Agriculture. Bank of America's Jesse Tapp, a Democrat, is President. Milton Natapoff was a registered lobbyist in Sacramento for a dairy farmers' association before his appointment. Ten of the thirteen-member Board are growers. All members are Brown appointees.

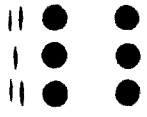
Thus there is little mystery behind Brown's vacillation and eventual abandonment of the farm worker's cause. Adding to its deliberateness is the fact that the liberal wing of the Democratic Party – represented by the California Democratic Council and the State Democratic Central Committee – has expressed itself as resolutely opposed to further extensison of the bracero system.

With the cost of field labor only two to five cents on the dollar, depending on the crop, even a substantial wage hike – passed on entirely to the housewife – would not appreciably affect prices. Increased payrolls, in themselves, are not the primary concern of the agribusiness people. What looms most ominous in their thinking is that *any* concession in the area of wages would be the beginning of the end of their privileged "Blue-Sky Sweatshop," the process of systematic exclusion of the farm laborer from the benefits of collective bargaining, accident and health insurance, unemployment compensation insurance, and other fringe benefits now standard fare in all other United States industries.

But time in mid-Twentieth Century America has a habit of not standing still, and the comfortable status quo of agribusiness was once again interrupted by a renewal of the bracero issue. Agribusiness has all along contended that the bracero is absolutely essential to insure the timely harvesting of crops. That California's number one industry, $3.6 billion strong last year and described by Bank of America agricultural economist Earl Coke as "the most efficient agriculture in the world," should have to lean so decisively on an ancient tradition of captive labor seems patently incongruous.

More to the quick is the realization by agribusiness that once the bracero passes forever from the California scene, unionization of farm labor will become a reality. Until now the omnipresence of the bracero – the fact that he could be shuttled from place to place when disputes with domestic labor arose (sporadic as they were) – effectively throttled any semblance of labor-management dialogue. Once unionization is an accomplished fact, agribusiness will have to abide by the same touchstones of decency and equity as any other industry. This would entail quite an adjustment from callous indifference to the worker – one that growers are not uniformly prepared to make. As one Salinas Valley grower expressed it: "The handwriting may be on the wall, but we'll do everything possible to slow down unionization."

A Tradition of California Captive Labor



California has a history of imported labor that dates back to the mid-Nineteenth Century Chinese railroad gangs; Public Law 78 merely certified what had long been a de facto method of operation. In earlier times immigrants from Mexico and the Orient were dumped into labor "pools" to be tapped at the growers' pleasure under gentlemen's agreements governing wages and conditions. When, toward the turn of the century, the Chinese Exclusion Act tended to dry up the pool, growers fixed their eyes south of the border for what

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George Santayana termed one of the most important raw materials of industry: man.

The history of the migration of Mexican manual labor to the United States is one of gradual drift, pushed on the one side by chaotic conditions within Mexico itself and pulled on the other by the lure of the gringo dollar, which outweighed the peso two to one. What the Mexican found, however, was an equally barren existence. He was paid what amounted to more of a dole than a wage; it was kept that way by a steady infusion into the labor market of border-jumping Wetbacks. Dragged down by a bare subsistence income, insulated from the mainstream of American life by language and cultural barriers, he gravitated into ghettos, thus setting a standard of impoverishment upon which agribusiness grew to rely.

During World War II agribusiness found itself confronted by its first great manpower crisis. The drain caused by the military draft was serious enough, but it was compounded by an exodus of farm workers to better jobs in California's mushrooming defense industries. Holding the line on wages with one hand, agribusiness tugged on the government's sleeve for help with the other. A bracero recruitment agreement was worked out with the Mexican Government, and like many another wartime measure, it has never really ended.

After the war the manpower shortage (and the bracero program) continued: understandably, the workers who had tasted a better life in the manufacturing industries were not about to return to the abysmal conditions of farm labor, nor did the growers anticipate with pleasure the return of prodigals tainted with ideas of unionism.

But the codification of the bracero program under P.L. 78 in 1951 was due as much to the insistence of the Mexican Government as to the clamor of American growers. Mexico had become increasingly sensitive to the wanton abuses that had crept into braceroism, and pressed for regulation. More often than not the shelter provided was squalid. Braceros were herded from place to place in dilapidated trucks, often driven by drunk drivers, with no regard for even minimal safety standards. Labor contractors often siphoned off exorbitant percentages of payrolls that were watery to begin with. And though the bracero was indentured, he had no guarantee of steady work.

Consequently, articles were written into P.L. 78 that gave the bracero at least a modicum of relief. An element of uniformity was introduced to pay formulas; sanitary housing and adequate transportation were theoretically guaranteed (enforcement was largely perfunctory), and payment for at least three-quarters of the life of the contract was agreed upon. The scheme was at once humanitarian and cynical, for the little that it gave to the foreign farm laborer had never been considered for the American.

Agribusiness was hooked on braceroism, and began to move political mountains to secure extension after extension of P.L. 78. As time went on, the artificiality of the situation became transparent; even some growers realized braceroism – dependent as it was upon the attitudes of a foreign government – was neither a permanent nor an ideal solution to the problem of stabilizing the labor market. Opposition from church groups, labor organizations and political liberals mounted. Finally, by 1963, Congress had had enough, its mood reflected by the statement of Representative B. F. Sisk of California: "Many of us are coming to the conclusion that the time has come to serve notice on the American farmer that he and we combined must come up with an alternative program . . . This will be the last time I shall enter the well to ask for an extension . . . We have come to the end of the line. . . ."

Simultaneously, Governor Brown urged the United States Congress to extend P.L. 78 for one year only, arguing that the time was needed to gradually "phase-out" the bracero system. But the stall could not go on forever, so he needed a solid peg on which to hang his sombrero. He found one, and it wore the stately mantle of academic wisdom. It was popularly called the Giannini Report.

The Giannini Foundation of Agricultural Economics, a department of the University of California at Berkeley, was endowed by the late Joseph Giannini, founder of the Bank of America. A viable tie remains in the form of Bank of America trustees of the Foundation, and the University itself has several agribusinessmen – most prominently, Norton Simon and Edward Carter – on its Board of Regents. At Brown's behest, a study of the farm labor problem was undertaken and summarized in the Giannini Report, issued in September, 1964. It evoked a storm of controversy over its conclusion that the loss of the bracero would put a severe crimp in agricultural production. Indeed, it hardly seemed the report was compiled with requisite academic detachment: its principal author, Dr. Eric Thor, was an open protagonist of the agribusiness viewpoint, who had stumped the state speaking at gatherings of growers and businessmen. (Reportedly Thor is in line for the job of Earl Coke, retiring vice president for agriculture of the Bank of America and himself a former University agri-economist.) In 1963, Thor had prepared a report of similar thrust which proposed, as an alternative solution, the importation of Negro laborers from the Mississippi delta and implied that resultant racial tensions would be the price California would have to pay for abandoning the bracero system.

In a speech delivered to San Joaquin County orchardists last January, Thor openly counselled them against being pressured by "do gooders and non-agricultural groups" into raising wage levels for domestic workers.

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Jesse W. Tapp
President, State Bd. of Agriculture
Ch. of Bd., Bank of America
Bd. of Regents, University of California

Norton Simon
Ch. of Bd., Hunt Foods & Industries
Bd. of Regents, University of California
Ex-Nocturne, Lowell High School

Prentis Hale
Ch. of Bd., Broadway-Hale Stores
Director, DiGiorgio Fruit Corp.
Director, Bank of America

Edward Carter
President, Broadway-Hale Stores
Director, Irvine Ranch
Bd. of Regents, University of California

Robert DiGiorgio
Officer, DiGiorgio Fruit Corp.
Director, Bank of America
Director, Broadway-Hale Stores

Joseph D. DiGiorgio
Ch. of Bd., DiGiorgio Fruit Corp.

Earl Coke
V.P., Bank of America
Agricultural Economist
Ex-Ass't. Secy. of Agriculture

Eric Thor
Author, Giannini Foundation "Report"
University of Calif., Agri-Economist

Carl F. Wente
V.P., Bank of America
Director, DiGiorgio Fruit Corp.

Lionel Steinberg
V.P., State Bd. of Agriculture
Agri-Industrialist (David Freedman, Inc.)

Edmund G. "Pat" Brown
Governor of California
Ex-Nocturne, Lowell High School
Friend of Agribusiness

George Murphy
U.S. Senator from California
Agri-Business Impresario

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He pointed out that under then existing regulations handed down by Secretary of Labor Wirtz they would be compelled to raise only the bracero's pay – not the "local labor." So it was that the University-based, Giannini Foundation's eminent agri-economist, in the year 1965, endorsed the policy of paying heads of families approximately $1 an hour (no fringe benefits) for what the growers themselves describe as "backbreaking work" – in an undeniably flourishing major American industry.

In a recent interview, Dr. Thor, using the rhetoric of laissez faire economics, deplored "political interference" in "what is essentially an economic problem . . . one that would solve itself if let alone." He added, "You have to understand that the growers are real businessmen, real swingers with the banks."

By November, 1964, time was running out for "Pat" Brown to speak his mind on braceroism. P. L. 78 was virtually moribund, and agribusiness, which had made only token efforts at mobilizing a domestic labor force since the extension of the previous year, began to project an image of desperation. Actually, California's 600,000 farm laborers were guardedly optimistic, since Brown had told a delegation led by Cesar Chavez – editor of El Malcriado: Voice of the Farm Worker and organizer of a grass-roots labor movement – that the bracero system was bad and he would not tolerate it. But on Friday the thirteenth, Brown seized upon the Giannini Report as the basis for a proposal for a new five year "phase-out plan."

As proposed to Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz, the plan called for "a two-part program to provide foreign farm labor for California's immediate needs while the state builds a paramount domestic work force for long-range needs." The scheme provided for an extension of the bracero system until 1969, with the stipulation that the University "undertake a study of conditions in agriculture for the specific purpose of determining what changes need to be made to motivate more people to accept agricultural employment." This area, it was noted, "has not been examined in detail."

Interestingly enough, at the time the Giannini Report was released another less publicized report emanated from the University of California at Los Angeles. It was prepared by Fred H. Schmidt, who grew up in the cotton fields of Texas and of late had been administrative assistant to Congressman Henry Gonzales of San Antonio. It concluded that only two things were needed to fill the fields with domestic workers: decent wages and decent working conditions. UCLA researchers had found that one half of the unemployed interviewed in metropolitan Los Angeles were originally from farms and small towns, and one third had done hard agricultural labor. Significantly, 31 percent of the males interviewed stated they could be attracted back to the farm if basic standards of decency were introduced. Although such responses ordinarily might be viewed skeptically, their accuracy was demonstrated in the early months of 1965 when the State Department of Employment actually placed 34 percent of those approached to do farm work.

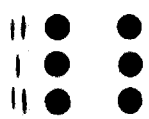
Schmidt, who entitled his report "After the Bracero," proceeded on the premise that agribusiness is going to have to face up to the reality of cultivating its own labor force. "So long as there is any assurance that a reservoir of foreign labor can readily be tapped to meet what appear to be shortages of labor supply, there will be continuing postponements in reckoning with the basic problems associated with farm labor." Schmidt stressed that the present concept of "casualization" of the work force is outmoded, and that the exclusion of farm workers from unemployment benefits will have to cease if any permanent force is to be assured.

Curiously, a 17 page section of the Giannini report was deleted between the time it left the University for Brown's office and the time it was released by Brown. This deletion was discovered by Ruben Salazar of the Los Angeles Times in mid-December after the UCLA report was released. With the 17 pages included, the Giannini report reaches substantially the same conclusions as the UCLA report.

When the deletion was exposed, Dr. Maurice Peterson, head of the University of California department of agriculture, contended that these conclusions "could not be fully documented from University research."

Secretary Thomas L. Pitts of the California Labor Federation (AFL-CIO) blamed the deletion on "an apparent veto" by powerful farm interests.

"Farm Work: That's Pretty Low"



All of this is logical enough, but it is anathema to the intractable majority of big growers who regard the bracero as a form of mechanization – efficient, in good condition, economical to operate, and readily returnable with no strings attached. Palmer Mendelson of the Mendelson-Zeller Co. in San Francisco, a large strawberry-asparagus shipper (Mendelson likes to make it known that he has flown strawberries to Europe for Princess Margaret's breakfast and Charles DeGaulle's state dinners), says that "the bracero is a professional – others are amateurs. You have to have a hard core of professionals who can be shifted with crop conditions." Besides, he adds, "no one wants to do this work and who blames them."

Hardly anyone contests the fact that the bracero, under the whip of what Dr. Paul O'Rourke terms the

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"sadistic field boss," works like a dog, and willingly and well. One citrus grower describes it as an "awesome sight" to watch braceros "attack" a tree. (Paid mostly on a piecework basis, they are pitted against each other to determine who makes the most.) But in a free economy a labor force of chattels is unnatural, and tends to generate a variety of unnatural – and undesirable – consequences.

Except for a tiny trickle spent for immediate necessities, the entire earnings of a bracero return to Mexico with him, creating an outflow of currency against which President Johnson has counseled. Since braceros do not spend for goods and services in the United States, American merchants in bracero-dominated areas have been hard hit. And the small grower is up against unfair competition – every time he climbs on his own tractor, for instance, he is matching his valuable time against that of the bracero driving a big grower's tractor.

Back home in Mexico, the bracero is regarded as something of a hero. He is one of the select few that have ever torn loose from their enclaves and traveled to the great country *del Norte*, and he has come back well-heeled, even rich in the relative terms of poverty. The American farm worker, on the other hand, is an outcast in his own society, a pariah in the midst of plenty. A priest tells the story of two Mexicans he had known as braceros. He chanced to run into them at a Spanish-speaking social, dressed to the hilt, and they explained their new found prosperity. A friend from their home village had found work with a builder of tract homes in San Jose. The builder told the friend he could use more Mexicans like him, and he had relayed the word on to them. They had returned to Mexico and re-entered the United States, with the promise of jobs from the builder, under the immigration code. They had joined the hod carrier's union, and were making around $2.50 an hour, with fringe benefits. The tract homes were up, and they were waiting for another project to start. Meanwhile, they were bringing their families up from Mexico. The priest tossed them a rhetorical question: "Think you might ever go back to farm work?" "Farm work!" they laughed. "That's pretty low."

Perhaps this attitude, more than anything else, is at the heart of the matter. A stigma attaches to farm labor. In maintaining the bracero as the core of farm labor there also has been imported the syndromes of his impoverished lot – deprecation, despair, dispirit. Would it make any difference if the farm worker's status was raised to compare with other American workers who form an integral – and indispensable – part of the production process? Most growers hold that it would not; that the domestic is by nature indolent (or he would find himself a better job), incapable of "stoop" labor, and more disposed toward state largesse than a hard day's work. However, the experience of Gilroy farmer Les Grube and his Community Recruitment of Personnel (CROP) effort has disabused many skeptics of that notion.

Convinced there was an adequate labor reserve ready to step in if the price was right, Grube enlisted the help of Father Ronald A. Burke and his associates of the Interfaith Migrant Committee to conduct an intensive recruiting drive. This was in the Spring of 1965, as the strawberries started to ripen and large growers, including giant Salinas Strawberries, Inc., bemoaned the lack of braceros. Grube's lure was a $1.40 an hour wage which Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz had pegged as the minimum that had to be offered domestic help before braceros could be considered. (The domestic worker scale had previously fluctuated around the $1 mark.)

CROP's drive was aimed at the shantytowns on the periphery of Gilroy and San Jose. At first it was disheartening; only 20 showed up for the first bus to Salinas. "I began to have some doubts myself," Grube remembers. But gradually word spread and the buses filled. "Anyone who is willing to make that one-and-a-half-hour ride down and back each day really wants to work," said Grube, disdaining use of the phrase "day-haul" which he associates with the Department of Employment's mid-city loading of buses with derelicts and winos. One grower was so impressed ("I've seen a different type of person – a sober family man.") that he added a bonus of 15 cents a crate on top of the $1.40 wage. But the same grower was later allotted some braceros, and asked CROP to waive his labor commitment.

The CROP experiment worked out so well that the California Department of Employment has subsidized it and given the green light for expansion of its scope. Perhaps the most salient fact is that CROP has demonstrated the existence of a sizeable supply of people who consider themselves essentially farm workers, but who drifted away because they weren't really wanted. And one of the most dramatic side-effects was the sharp reduction in welfare payments in the area. Salinas County Welfare Commissioner William Leach announced that in April, 1964, when the bracero was still the mainstay of strawberry labor, 313 families were on welfare rolls; by April, 1965, the number had dropped to 77.

C. Al Green, director of the AFL-CIO Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC) in Stockton, believes that the farm labor "shortage" is more manufactured than real. On December 7, 1964, Green told a United States Department of Labor panel in San Francisco, "The fact is, there have been few real efforts made to attract United States farm workers. The wages offered are low and the working conditions miserable. When real efforts have been made to attract United States farm workers, the workers have responded with enthusiasm." Green cited several "crises" he was able to alleviate with more than enough workers.

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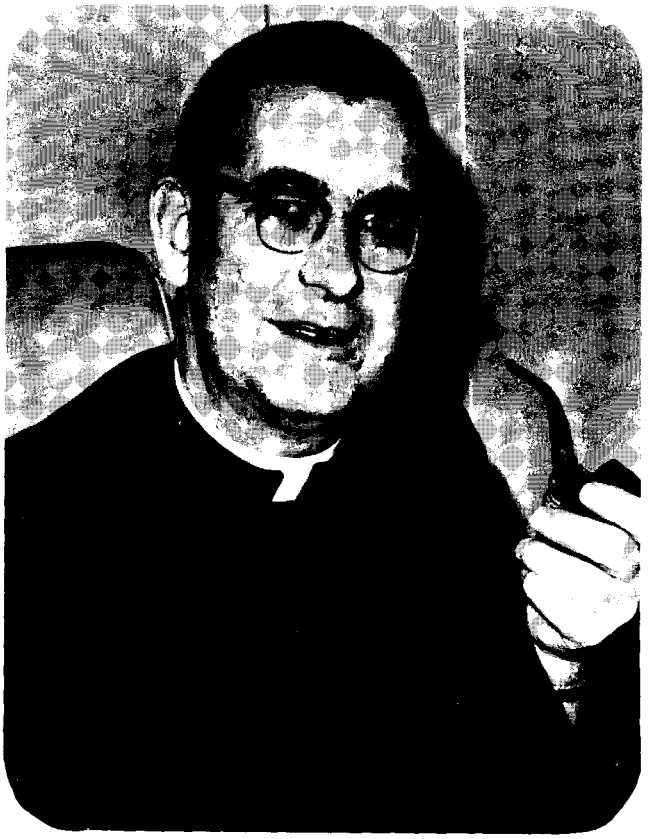
Green, a veteran building trades union official (he knew "Pat" Brown when Brown was a painters' union attorney; thinks of him now as a man on the spot) who shifted to AWOC in 1962, calls the supposed labor shortage a sham that ill-conceals the growers' desire for braceros exclusively. "The existence of the reservoir of cheap, captive labor effectively exempts the growers from having to bid for workers," he says. "They do not have to compete for laborers. They do not have to raise wages and improve working conditions to attract a sufficient number of workers."

Green feels the theme that domestics will not do hard "stoop labor" is only a smokescreen. "American workers are not afraid of hard work," he claims. "Why do Americans work cleaning out the city sewers? Why do Americans work as cement masons when 75 percent of that work is done on their knees? Why do Americans work as garbage collectors, as roofers, handling hot tar all day? What is more hazardous than being a structural steel worker?"

So far AWOC has been able to sign up several labor contractors but no growers. Last May, in the Coachella Valley, AWOC succeeded in organizing sufficient workers to strike Lionel Steinberg's operation. An AWOC official, Benjamin C. Gines, was arrested under an obscure local ordinance prohibiting "intimidating to keep employees from working." (Charges were later dropped.) "It's a tough nut to crack," remarks Green, recalling the time in 1962 when he tried to negotiate a contract at a California Packing labor compound on Union Island, in the Sacramento River delta, and was rebuffed by a locked gate and guards bristling with weapons.

The modest headway that AWOC has been able to make is rather revolutionary in a state where agricultural unionism has always been decisively – and sometimes violently – beaten down. The National Farm Workers Union of the late '40s and early '50s found its attempts at strikes going up in smoke when growers rushed in complements of braceros and Wetbacks. At present the only labor movement of consequence, other than AWOC, is the Spanish-speaking Cesar Chavez group in Delano. It is founded on the gentle exhortation of Pope John: "We for that matter express our satisfaction with those sons of ours throughout the whole world who actively are engaged in the movement of agricultural workers with the intention of elevating the economic and social level of the communities of agricultural workers." Yet concessions have been few and grudging. Perhaps one of the most distressing angles has been the failure of big labor in other industries to rally solidly behind farm labor. In some respects, it has been the other way around. The Teamsters Union, for example, with a hand in the hauling of farm products (it has a "sweetheart" contract with one of the major growers), has come out in favor of lingering braceroism.



James L. Vizzard, S.J., director of National Catholic Rural Life Conference, Washington, D.C.

Water: The Golden State's Golden Commodity

Behind the fight against braceroism is a collection of civic groups and church bodies. On the national level, Father James L. Vizzard, the Jesuit who heads the Washington Office of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, has been unequivocable. At a labor hearing on November 30, 1964, he declared: "I have no tears to waste on those who have been crying disaster at the prospect of losing the previously readily available agricultural workers from Mexico under P.L. 78 but who in the meantime have taken no realistic steps to secure an adequate and dependable United States labor force . . . I can only deplore those politicians who feel they must cooperate with the growers in their continued refusal to face the demands of individual justice and the common good. . . Since these growers show no signs of self-reform, they need to be told emphatically and with finality that the approximation of slave-labor conditions which they have perpetuated will no longer be tolerated by this nation. They need to be made to understand in what century and in what kind of economy and society they are living and operating. They

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must be forced to realize that to exploit the poverty of other nations in order to beat down and crush the poor of our own country is the grossest kind of immorality."

Father Vizzard's scathing indictment has been seconded in principle by many churchmen, including Msgr. George Higgins of the National Catholic Welfare Council and Reverend Wayne C. Hartmire, Jr., of the California Migrant Ministry of the National Council of Churches. A noteworthy dissenter is Episcopalian Bishop James A. Pike, who favors a stretched-out transition from braceroism. The Bishop's stand, glaringly anomalous to his usual liberalism, rankled the Rev. Hartmire, who paraphrased the reaction of the farm worker in a letter to Bishop Pike: "You Christians speak brave words about Alabama but when the money changers are in your temples then you stand for gradualism – gradualism which means justice can wait for those of us who don't pay our way in those temples." The Rev. Hartmire observed that growers are a potent force in the church – "highly visible in a way that slum realtors, for example, are not."

Perhaps the most sustained and vibrant voice the California field worker has had is Citizens For Farm Labor, organized by Henry P. Anderson, a California public health official. Its 56-man advisory board is composed of attorneys, legislators, professors, clerics and concerned citizens; it includes United States Representative Phillip Burton and Father Thomas McCullough, the boyish-looking Catholic priest who several years ago was silenced by the Bishop of San Diego following grower complaints that he had participated in a field workers' rally in El Centro.

Anderson himself has investigated the farm labor problem at close range – in the fields. In the late '50s, as a research assistant attached to the school of public health at the University of California, he ranged the state probing the impact of braceroism on sanitation, housing and other aspects of farm labor. In 1958, he was ordered to stop interviewing braceros at the El Centro staging compound, under pain of arrest, because, he claims, the Department of Labor frowned on criticism of its program. Later, his report was suppressed, particularly a section on the power structure behind braceroism. "I was told it was suppressed because of pressures from the Department of Labor and the Farm Bureau Federation (a growers' lobby)," says Anderson.

Anderson has written that "the bracero system is a hall of mirrors. It is filled with one illusion after another." One of the most illusory, he thinks, is the idea that there is a dearth of domestic farm workers. "I agree they'll never find them culling the skid roads, as does the Department of Employment. But if they bothered to go out to the fringes of the agricultural centers, they'd find experienced hands living marginally on whatever else they can pick up . . . and only too willing to go back under decent conditions."

One of the dynamos keeping Citizens For Farm Labor humming is Mrs. Anne Draper, union label representative for the garment workers in San Francisco. Mrs. Draper, who sees braceroism as one of the last remaining vestiges of labor exploitation in mid-Twentieth Century America, locked horns with Palmer Mendelson on a television panel discussion of the subject ("That union woman is a good talker," concedes Mendelson). "There's more to it than wages," she says. "They want self-expression, satisfaction in a job, like anyone else. Canning and packing is seasonal, too, but those workers are organized – and have job rights, holidays, unemployment compensation and other benefits that attach them to the job."

Indeed, the paradox of bracero feudalism in space age California – of one industry concerned with importing men in bondage, of another concerned with sending men to the moon – is one of the most striking contrasts in a state that traditionally abounds in contrast. Yet there are signs that the old order changeth. In a recent Time magazine interview, Hunt's Foods' Norton Simon, in giving his concept of the function of a corporation, remarked: "We are beyond the day and age of the need of capitalism for survival. We need it for only one thing – the betterment of the human being. Certainly we have a lot more than we can eat, haven't we?" Asked for elaboration, a Hunt's spokesman replied, "Although we are aware of the issues on both sides, we can't make an overt statement. After all, we don't grow our own . . . we have to rely on the growers to supply us, and we can't very well come out against them, no matter what we think."

Bud Antle, self-styled "lettuce king of the world," has looked beyond the bracero for some time now. "Give me a market and I'll get the lettuce," is the sort of remark that has gotten Antle drummed out of the growers' club – which might be, in Melvin Belli's words, "like being kicked out of the Book of the Month Club." Antle, who started as a lettuce trimmer in Salinas in 1931 and now ships 10,000 carloads a year, believes the crops can be harvested without braceros. "It's easier to complain than to get the job done," he says with reference to his intransigent fellow growers. There is little mystery as to how Antle gets the job done: he attracts workers by higher wages and such amenities as air conditioned buses. Luis Scurich, Antle's production manager, comments on the domestic worker: "These people are getting better all the time. We'll harvest the lettuce."

These sentiments are echoed by a Ventura County citrus grower whose area previously had been wholly dependent on braceros. "Domestic crews have improved since the first of the year," he declares. "The first ones they (the California Department of Employment Farm Placement Service) sent us were dregs, but now the growers are paying higher and getting good men." Uppermost in the minds of the growers, he says, is the

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threat of unionism. "The Growers Association sends out letters on how to handle the union organizer. They try to make him appear as almost a criminal. Now they're spending $6,000 on a recreation hall for workers to keep them satisfied so they won't listen to the blandishments of the union."

Water is the life-blood of agriculture – "worth its weight in gold." Cheap, subsidized water is a commodity California agribusiness has been after as resolutely as it has been after cheap labor. Obviously, it needed a water boy and "Pat" Brown turned out to be its Gunga Din.

Canal water – captured, pumped, stored and diverted by tax-financed irrigation projects – is the wellspring of wealth and power. Without it, interior California would be just another sparsely settled Wyoming – deserts, swamps and soaring mountains. There would be no fruits, vegetables or row crops – only vast expanses of cattle range, winter wheat fields and rice swamps.

Back in 1958, two weeks before Brown was elected to his first term as Governor, the late J. E. O'Neill, whose companies held over 100,000 acres of fertile land, introduced Brown's Republican opponent, William Knowland, at a huge campaign rally. O'Neill was Knowland's Northern California chairman. But in the world of politics, expediency is the balm that swiftly heals old wounds: shortly after Brown took office he appointed O'Neill to a District Fair Board and flew with him to Washington to testify for a water project which would irrigate O'Neill's holdings.

Back in Sacramento, Brown preened himself for favorable glances from two disparate groups. With one hand he pushed through the legislature several civil rights bills. With the other he wheeled a huge state-sponsored giveaway of natural resources. His nearly $2-billion water program, still a record for state bond issues, will start the water flowing to the arid west side of the San Joaquin Valley dominated by Jolly Green Giant-size landholders: Southern Pacific (201,000 acres), Standard Oil (218,000), O'Neill interests (100,000), Kern County Land Company (450,000), Los Angeles Times Corporation (268,000), J. G. Boswell (100,000), Anderson-Clayton (28,000).

The Brown program was billed as a source of more water for Los Angeles, but observers who noticed that Southern California support was being whipped up by Norman Chandler's Los Angeles Times also noticed that the proposed route of the canal was smack through the middle of the Chandler family's 268,000 acre Tejon Ranch. Skeptics with long memories recalled that some 60 years earlier, when Los Angeles tapped Owens Valley, 250 miles north of the city, for a water supply, the Times stood squarely behind the "civic project." And they also recalled that Harry Chandler was a member of the syndicate that bought up, at bargain prices, over 100,000 San Fernando Valley acres at the nozzle end of the Owens Valley supply. The purchase was made before the publicly financed project was announced to the public – hardly a very speculative venture.

But despite cries of a sellout, Brown's water plan squeaked through the 1959 legislature after a bitter six month battle. The Governor muscled the State Senate while the Times' appeal to civic progress neutralized Los Angeles liberals in the State Assembly.

Opponents argued that much of the Brown plan was already incorporated in Federal Bureau of Reclamation plans and that bringing the state into the picture was nothing more than a ploy to enable landholders to skirt the federal land reform law, an anti-profiteering measure. They claimed that the state, recently short of cash, was in no financial shape to shoulder the unnecessary burden and that, as a matter of principle, the state legislature should not allow itself to be pushed around by big landholders. Jesse Unruh, the heavy-handed Democratic assembly leader who had been instrumental in excluding farm workers from state minimum wage legislation, advised his colleagues that there are times they must rise above principle.

All along, the federal land reform law had been interpreted with a latitude that permitted considerable abuse. Technically, irrigation water can be delivered to only 160 acres under any one ownership. Listing a man and wife ownership doubled the allotment. Then it was stipulated that large landholders could obtain subsidized water on unlimited acreage for ten years by agreeing to sell the land at the end of that period. As California's land values soar with the outward press of its megopolis, the risk element under this concesison is nil. But this is not the point: the ominous threat is that eventual divestment would brake the trend towards large corporate farming in California.

While "Pat" Brown was making hay in Sacramento, Senators Tom Kuchel and the late Clair Engle were pitching in Washington for a federal water project that would mesh with the Brown plan. Under its terms, certain properties would be exempted from the land reform law. Their bill hurdled committee by a unanimous vote. Then, before it could come to a full Senate vote, a map pinpointing the land ownership in the project area was shown to Senators Wayne Morse and the late Richard Neuberger of neighboring Oregon and Paul Douglas of Illinois. Neuberger, who had gone along with the project when it was in committee, reversed himself and co-sponsored an amendment to kill the exemption clause. Morse and Douglas filibustered for the amendment for four days. Finally, out of sheer exasperation, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson agreed to the amendment. The House went along and federal land reform, undiluted, was retained.

Two years later, President Kennedy's Secretary of the Interior, Stewart Udall, administratively overrode Congress' decision and granted the exemptions. For

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Udall, whose home state of Arizona abuts Southern California, it was probably a political trade. But whatever the reason, the landholder/agribusiness combine stood to reap the benefits. And high-rolling "Pat" Brown had made his point.

Calling the "Shortage" Bluff

When P.L. 78 expired on December 31, 1964, "Pat" Brown faced the new year as a man clearly on the spot. Although Congress had expressed its will that the bracero system not continue, Brown was besieged by agribusiness interests looking for ways to bring in the bracero – regardless. (A Brown aide who has been outspokenly anti-bracero recalls that when he accidentally barged in on a Brown-grower conference that included Joseph Di Giorgio and Lionel Steinberg, Brown quipped: "Here, gentlemen, is your opposition.") At this point Brown passed the buck to his affable Director of Employment, Albert B. Tieburg.

Tieburg was charged, if he could, to round up enough workers to harvest the crops (curiously, agribusiness has the unique attitude that it is the duty of government to provide it with a labor force). Presumably, his assignment was foredoomed. If Tieburg was determined, he was also misled by his predominantly pro-grower staff. His approach was makeshift: he attempted to throw into the breach college students, housewives, persons on relief, Sioux Indians, drifters – and even devised a plan for early parole of prisoners on the proviso they work in the fields. Obviously, such a solution was born of desperation and hardly held long-range promise.

As the harvest season impended, grower demands for braceros grew. The threat of rotting crops was widely propagated, although Michael Peevey, AFL-CIO research director, called it a "rigged" crisis. "A deliberately deceptive publicity campaign," he scoffed, "possibly in collusion with the State's other major agribusiness interests . . . to try to force the government to acquiescence to the growers' demand for cheap labor."

But if it was a manufactured emergency, Tieburg fell for it. Although in one instance he called the bluff of a San Joaquin asparagus grower who claimed to have plowed under 75 acres because of a shortage of help ("We could have supplied any number of qualified workers," he said), Tieburg in the end adopted the growers' line. Traveling in a grower's private airplane to Salinas, he bemoaned the shortage of workers that threatened the harvest.

When the din reached Washington, Secretary of Labor Wirtz flew out to California on a personal inspection trip. One of his first reactions was repugnance at finding no field toilets on the farms he visited, and in the case of one of the largest labor camps in the state, filthy conditions that "made me ashamed anything of this kind exists in this country." Wirtz indicated he would consider limited importation of braceros only if growers were unable to recruit sufficient domestic help with at least the inducement offered to braceros, including a semblance of tenure. (Growers had long been accustomed to placing orders for more workers than they actually needed, which resulted in many being turned away after traveling all the way to the fields, or only getting in a half-day's work.) But, said Wirtz, it would be "the worst possible affront" to Congress to accede to mass importation of braceros.

Wirtz' stand brought immediate howls from the growers and their spokesmen. Speaking on the floor of the House, Orange County's ultraconservative James B. Utt blamed Wirtz for "a man-made catastrophe" in California. And two state senators, one an acknowledged member of the John Birch Society, called for the impeachment of Brown for "criminal waste and neglect" resulting in a farm labor shortage – a somewhat ironic twist.

In the wake of Wirtz' visit a three-man panel was appointed to check into the labor supply in individual

Albert B. Tieburg, California Director of Employment

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areas. At first it went along with the growers and recommended the admission of braceros in reduced numbers. But gradually it formed the opinion that the growers were getting along all right without the foreign workers and turned down additional requests. "The most significant fact," said Wirtz, "is that all crops are being harvested despite all this talk." Brown, however, disagreed. "I think he's wrong," said the governor, thumping for more braceros to ease what he termed the "desperate" farm labor situation.

What Brown and agribusiness apparently are after – now that Public Law 78 is dead and gone – is a de facto extension of braceroism under the McCarren-Walter Immigration Act. In the early '50s, silver-maned Pat McCarran, in order to replenish his Nevada ranch cronies' supply of Basque sheepherders, pushed through the law that permits importation of foreign help if "capable" domestics are unavailable. It is the fear of Father Vizzard and others that this law will now be used to perpetuate the influx of thousands of low-wage workers, and in effect create what might be called "domestic braceroism."

But for "Pat" Brown, heading into a fight for a third term, the outlook is not so bleak. Brown already has California's farm workers in his hip pocket, since they obviously would not swing over to a Republican of the Ronald Reagan stripe. And having danced to agribusiness' tune, he bids well to embark on the campaign with brimming coffers.

For "Pat" Brown, bet hedging is a political *modus operandi.* You can't please everybody all of the time, but at least you can keep them from getting mad at you, as witness the time last September when Brown showed up at ceremonies marking the opening of a new Firestone plant in Salinas. Mayor Lawrence Struve presented the Governor with a decorative salad bowl symbolic of Salinas' status as the salad bowl of the nation. "I'm sure that we'll need your support here if we're going to get the labor we need," said Struve pointedly. Brown rose to accept. "It is not possible at the present moment to give a definite report," he temporized, but "I appreciate the coming of a great plant like this to California . . . I appreciate the importance of agriculture to California . . . I want to see all the people make money." "Now we know why he's a popular governor," cracked Struve as the crowd exploded with laughter.

In another of those quirks of California politics Brown found himself in the same pro-bracero bed with George Murphy, with whom he had clashed on virtually every other issue. But Brown, with the prescience of a man closely attuned to developments, knew when to lay low. On June 15, 1965, Murphy paid an "official visit" to California and reiterated his all out bracero stand. Growers, he warned, were in the process of losing $500 million because of Secretary Wirtz' obstinacy in denying large-scale importation of Mexican nationals. Murphy apparently had not been clued in by his constituents on the agribusiness club, for his timing could not have been worse.

On the same day, Charles Paul, California State Director of Agriculture, announced that growers had been deluged with domestic workers, many from out-of-state, and had to turn large numbers away. The magnet was higher wages. (Blythe melon growers, for example, were offering $1.75 an hour plus a 25 cent an hour bonus to those who stayed to the end of the harvest.) Salinas Strawberries, Inc., which had cried "wolf" the loudest, reported it was sending braceros home as soon as minimal guarantees of their contracts had been met; it would not exercise a government option to employ 1,900 foreign workers for an additional 60 days. Then Frank Bennett, Deputy Director of Agriculture, revealed that asparagus growers will net $1 million more this year than last – even in the face of higher wages – because production was clipped and prices held firm.

For old song-and-dance man Murphy, the contretemps was a hard lesson in his own doctrine of free enterprise.

For ex-Nocturne Brown, it was a hard lesson in political crapshooting.

RAMPARTS *staff writer* WILLIAM TURNER, *an ex F.B.I. agent, is an expert on modern, scientific methods of crime detection.*

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TO THE REAR, MARCH! 1965-1940

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago a wave of public concern over the plight of the migratory agricultural worker swept the country. The Farm Security Administration, a New Deal agency within the United States Department of Agriculture, was developing, in the areas of migrant concentration, a program (long since scuttled) of model camps, small homes, clinics, community centers and even hospitals for migratory workers. I was chief of this program for the State of Florida. I had previously made field studies of the migrant problem in California, Arizona, and Texas as well as in Florida and the Eastern United States. Because of my experience I was called to testify in May and August, 1940, before two Congressional Committees which were making a study of migrancy, the famous La Follette Committee, or Senate Committee on Civil Liberties, and the Select Committee to Investigate the Interstate Migration of Destitute Citizens, known as the Tolan Committee from its chairman, Representative John H. Tolan of California. The following text consists of excerpts from my 25-year-old testimony before these two Congressional Committees. The photographs depict the situation *today* in a typical migrant area, the San Joaquin Valley of California.

BY JOHN BEECHER

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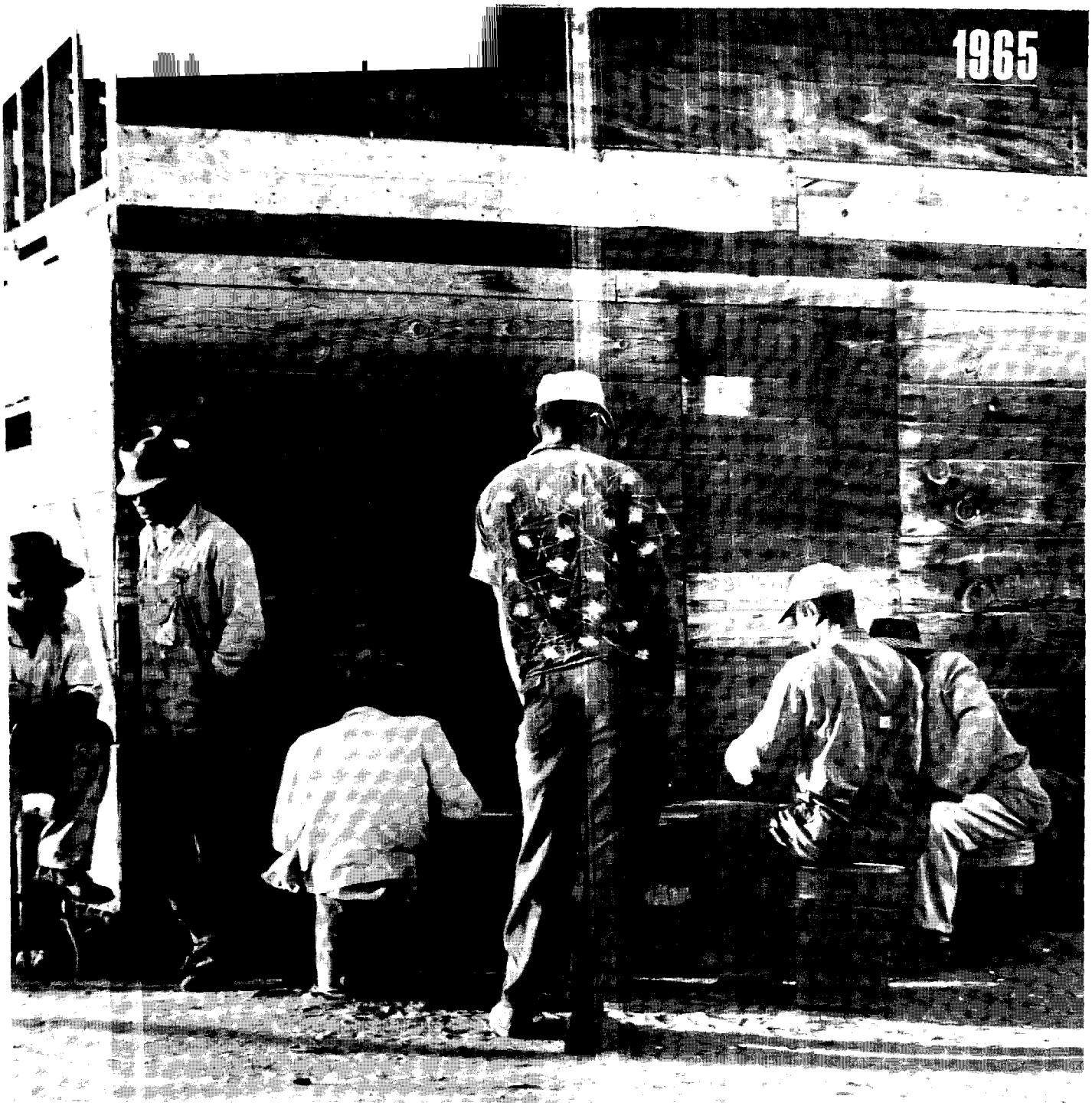

1940

We find that a great many of them, particularly the Negroes, are transported by labor contractors in trucks from place to place, and, of course, it is usually to the interest of these labor contractors to have a surplus of labor on hand, and naturally that keeps the wage rates down, and they want the labor supply up to the maximum expectations of what the work in any particular locality might be. There is very little scientific measurement or calculation of what the work might be; it is very difficult to do that. Where crops are coming on in a given area, sometimes growers and contractors are liable to get panicky and say, "We won't have enough people over here to harvest the crops," and they will say that they need maybe 2,000 here and 1,000 here, and 500 over here, and by the time the harvest begins you will have a figure of 5,000 or 6,000 in that particular area as needed to harvest the crop, and when as a matter of fact that number shows up, it frequently turns out that they will only need a thousand.

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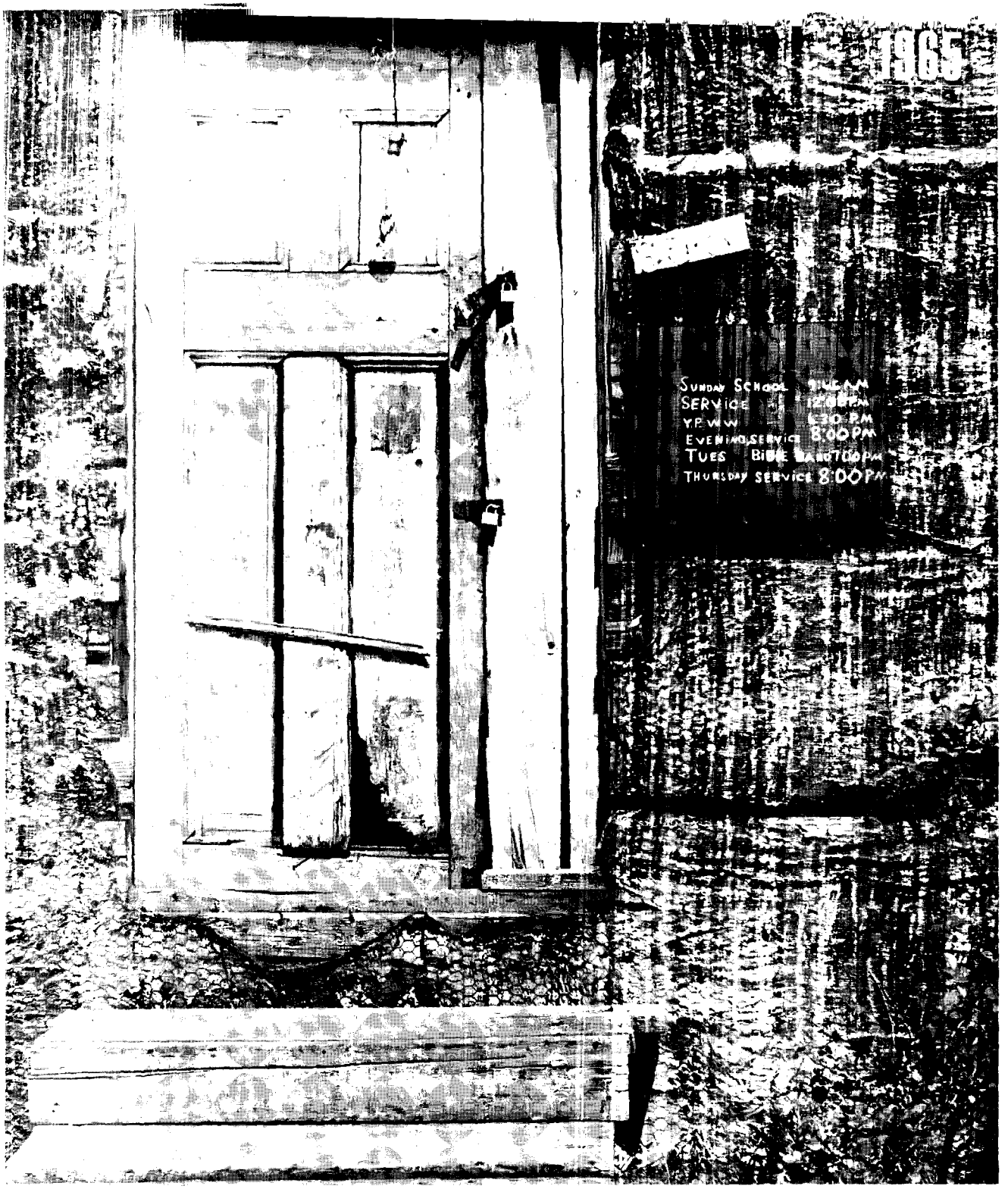

1940

In the vicious complex of farm migrancy, along with instability of place, insecurity of employment, inadequate earnings, and bad housing are many subsidiary evils. Into whatever community the migrant goes his status is the lowest in the social scale. His labor is welcome but he is not. He and his family are feared as possible sources of physical and moral contagion, and even more as possible public charges should they become stranded there. In no sense does the migrant "belong"—he has no political rights and his civil rights have proved to be more theoretical than real on the rare occasions when he has tried to assert them. He and his family seldom participate in the normal social life of the communities through which they pass—they do not as a rule attend the local churches or frequent the local parks and amusement places. Special recreational devices are sometimes provided to catch their spare pennies—low-grade bars and dance halls, cheap fairs, medicine shows, and the like.

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1940

In April of this year, the Farm Security Administration (F.S.A.) opened its first migrant camp in the east at Belle Glade, in the Lake Okeechobee mucklands of extreme south Florida. At dawn of the opening day the people from the tent colonies, the trailer camps, and the rickety tourist cabins which local enterprise affords were lined up from the office back to the gate and on down the road outside.

First in line was a family of seven in their overloaded jalopy and two-wheel trailer heaped high with their poor belongings. Originally from Georgia, their wanderings had taken them over practically the entire country during the previous three years. The family head figured he had actually worked in 29 states during that period. In the last 12 months he had averaged one interstate move a month. At Christmas time the family had been in an F.S.A. camp in the Imperial Valley of California, near the Mexican line. Three months later they turned up over 3,000 miles away at the opposite geographical extreme of the country, having crossed Arizona, New Mexico, Texas — with a stop-over in the lower Rio Grande Valley for a few weeks' work — Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and about 700 miles of Florida down to Lake Okeechobee. Now that it is midsummer this family is probably working in the berries on the shore of Lake Michigan and accumulating a little stake to buy gas and oil for the next transcontinental hop — back to California perhaps by way of the cotton fields of Missouri and Arkansas. This family is driven back and forth across the vast length and breadth of the land by no sense of high adventure or love of the open road, but by the stubborn belief that somewhere waiting is a stake for them — a home, a piece of land they can raise a living on, something they can tie to. For, like most of the farm migrants, they are not following the crops because they like to; they are doing it because they have to in order to live. And the children pick strawberries from dawn to dark or pack beans from dark to dawn, not because the parents despise education, but because everybody has got to work to make a living and scrape up enough to get on to the next place. And most of the time they live in a one-room cabin or a boxcar or a tent or share a barn with several other families because Government camps are few and far between, and there are few other decent places for their like to stay.

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1940

"Education is in competition with beans in this county, and beans are winning out." These are the words of the Palm Beach County Superintendent of Public Instruction, characterizing the situation in the Lake Okeechobee area. However, education apparently is not trying to give beans much competition.

After the disastrous freeze this winter, which destroyed all the growing beans, many of the Negro migrants put their children in school for the first time in the season. The enrollment of the Belle Glade Negro school, which has desks for 280 children, rocketed to 503. For a couple of months the school ran on a double shift. Then beans came in again. One week the enrollment was 485. The next week it was 20. Ninety-five percent of the children were in the bean fields. They had to be. It had been a hard time for folks to get through — two months with no work at all, and only a little government grant money to live on, pieced out with frost-bitten cabbage, rabbits and catfish from the canal. So when the picking started again, everybody that could pick, picked.

The children of the area receive little attention outside of school. In the case of the whites, where both the father and mother are working in the packing houses from early afternoon until some unpredictable hour at night, the children are usually without adequate care or supervision. Often older children are kept out of school to watch over the younger ones. Last season one of these 12-year-old acting-mothers lay down for a nap one afternoon while her parents were at work in the packing house, leaving the younger children playing. She was shot dead in her sleep by an 8-year-old brother, who had got hold of the family rifle. The Belle Glade nursery school cares for as many as 50 children whose parents are employed in the packing houses. Actually it bears a greater resemblance to an orphan asylum than it does to a conventional nursery school, for the children remain there night and day, week in and week out. The children of families who cannot afford to pay the school's 25 cents a day fee play unescorted along the roads and ditch banks. At night they sleep on the backseats of cars parked outside the packing houses. Not so long ago a 5-year-old boy tried to grab a stalk of sugar cane that temptingly stuck out of a sugar-cane trailer-train going by behind a tractor. He missed and fell underneath. The iron treads of the trailer passed over his body. Both of his parents were at work in the packing house.

As for the Negro children, the greater number go to the fields in the daytime. Sometimes parents take the smaller children along on the trucks with those who are big enough to pick. While the rest are working in the field, they play aimlessly around in the muck. They are probably better off than a group of children a camera caught in one quarter dabbling in the filthy, uncovered pits of last year's community toilets.

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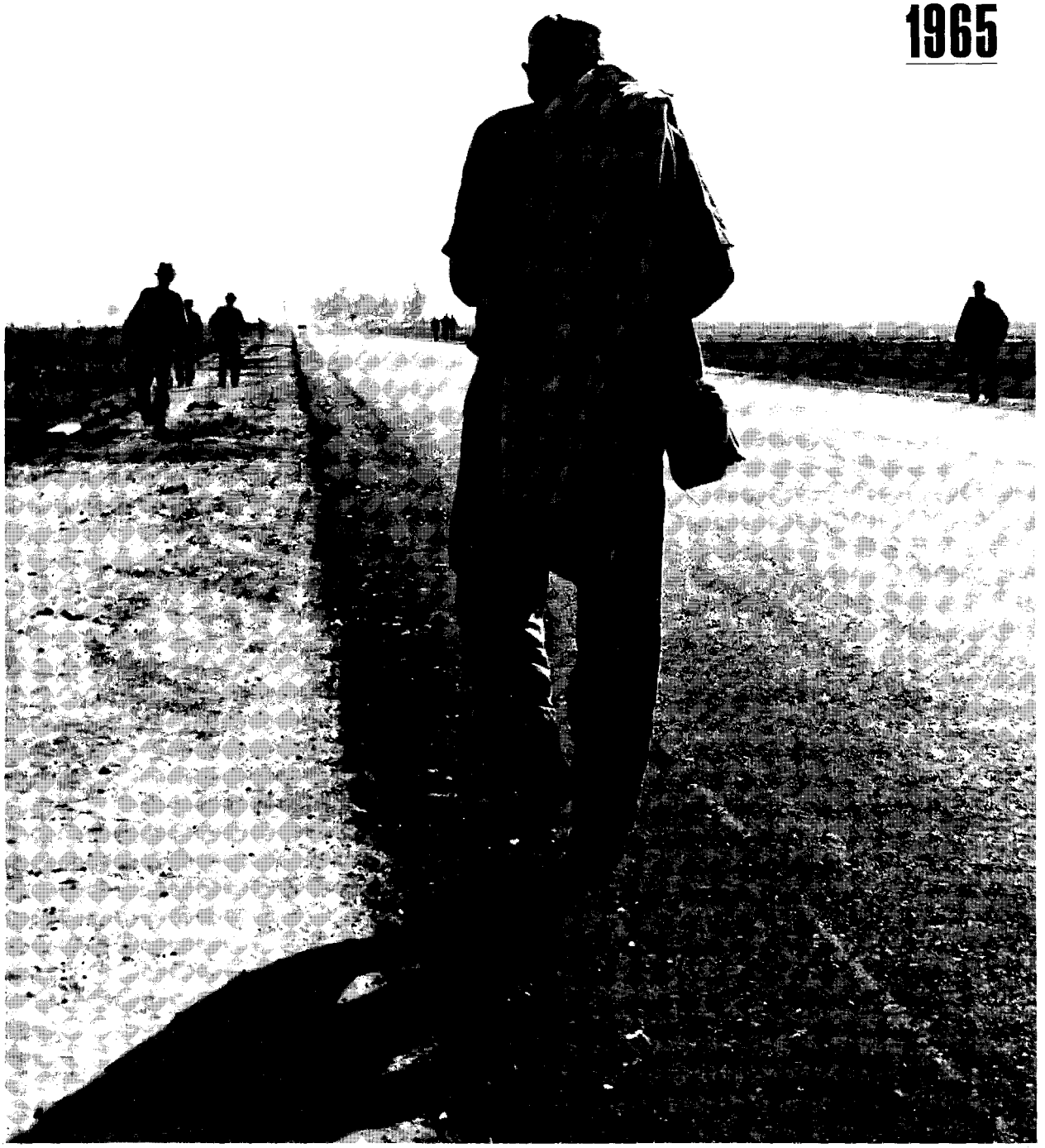
1965



1940

In the Belle Glade hiring yard, the pickers gather at dawn, a couple of thousand of them crowded into two blocks — men, women and children of all ages garbed in fantastic costumes, many wearing leggings of inner tubes to protect them from the wet of the muck in which they will kneel all day.

Along one side of the street are ranged the trucks of the growers and labor contractors. On the truck platforms stand . . . barkers, or "broadcasters" as they are called, haranguing the throng on the merits of the particular field to which each truck is destined, telling whether it is first, second or third pickings, offering 15, 20, or 25 cents a hamper. One of the "broadcasters" is called "Two Dice." He fills a truck fast. When there are perhaps 60 aboard and it would seem impossible to pack on another person, "Two Dice" bellows "Room fo' fifteen mo'. Bes' fiel' in all de Glades. Beans hangin' thick on de vines. First pickin'. Payin' 20 cents a hamper. Come on folks, ride de prosperity truck. Room fo' 15 mo'." And fifteen more somehow crowd on. The chain is fastened across the end of the truck and it pulls out for the field. As it moves away, several men jump it and hang on outside. "Two Dice" gets up on the platform of an empty truck and bellows forth the the glories of another field.

photographs by Ernest Lowe

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The Gospel

PLAYBOY is the only magazine that has its own Philosophy. It is written by Hugh M. Hefner, appears in random installments under the standing head "The Playboy Philosophy," and expounds upon the "social and sexual ills of contemporary society." This might seem pretty cheeky stuff for any magazine, especially one that presents ladies au naturel. But Mr. Hefner has stuck to his guns for some twenty-one installments now, and the Playboy Philosophy has developed into a serious-minded commentary on mid-century American life and morals. Mr. Hefner's philosophy is gospel to many of Playboy's three million male readers. That is a good-sized group of beginning disciples, but few outside the circle of Playboy partisans realize the scope and intensity of Mr. Hefner's mission. Because we think Ramparts readers should keep abreast of all new gospels, editor-in-chief Edward M. Keating went to Chicago to interview Playboy's founder. The interview follows:

Ramparts: [illegible]

Hefner: I didn't feel it was necessary, to be perfectly frank. A lot of people assume that the magazine came first and the philosophy—with a small "p" came afterward, perhaps as a rationale or apology. The opposite is true. The basic things we've been editorializing about in the Playboy philosophy over the last couple of years are things that I've felt rather strongly for a long, long time—long before I ever conceived of starting a magazine called Playboy. They are the view of life and society that I've sort of grown up with, that I feel strongly about, and that Playboy is predicated upon. The magazine is very personal. It always has been a projection, and consciously so, of the kind of book that I, myself, would enjoy as a reader.

Ramparts: Why did you bring sex out into the open?

Hefner: Because I think that's where it belongs. I was troubled by the fact that the approach to sex in our society has been for a long time hypocritical and suppressive. Out of my own background and formal education—which was primarily in psychology—I realized that this was a sick approach to sex; I realized that, just as it is possible for an individual to have a sick or neurotic view of sex, it's possible for an entire society to be sick and neurotic on the subject. Basically, I feel that's what America has been.

Ramparts: But didn't you have a prior training in what was involved in the field of psychology [illegible] Methodist upbringing?

Hefner: Yes, that played a part in it, too. I was particularly sensitive to this kind of typical all-American hangup. I was raised in an environment that I think was typical of our time. In many ways I think that Playboy's success is related to the fact that it was the right magazine in the right place at the right time—as a projection of my own views on society which are very typical of those of my own generation. This, in turn, is a result of the fact that my family upbringing and my folks are typical of the generation past.

[illegible]

Hefner: Yes. But obviously it wasn't working on that kind of a conscious level. I don't want to suggest that I either lived my life or began publishing Playboy in any kind of conscious crusade to free the shackles of sexual suppression and hypocrisy—nothing of the sort. But there's no doubt at all that I was particularly sensitive to this kind of problem because of my own early upbringing. My folks were raised in the stricter, more fundamentalist tradition of Methodism, and at the same time they are well-educated and essentially humanistic and liberal people, so this conflict, I think, was kind of working within them, too, so that in the raising of my brother and myself, there was this rather restrictive Puritan attitude on sex; but there was also an emphasis on the importance of the individual, and on freedom and integrity, and on finding one's own way. I don't blame them for being the way they were—bless them for it! For in my

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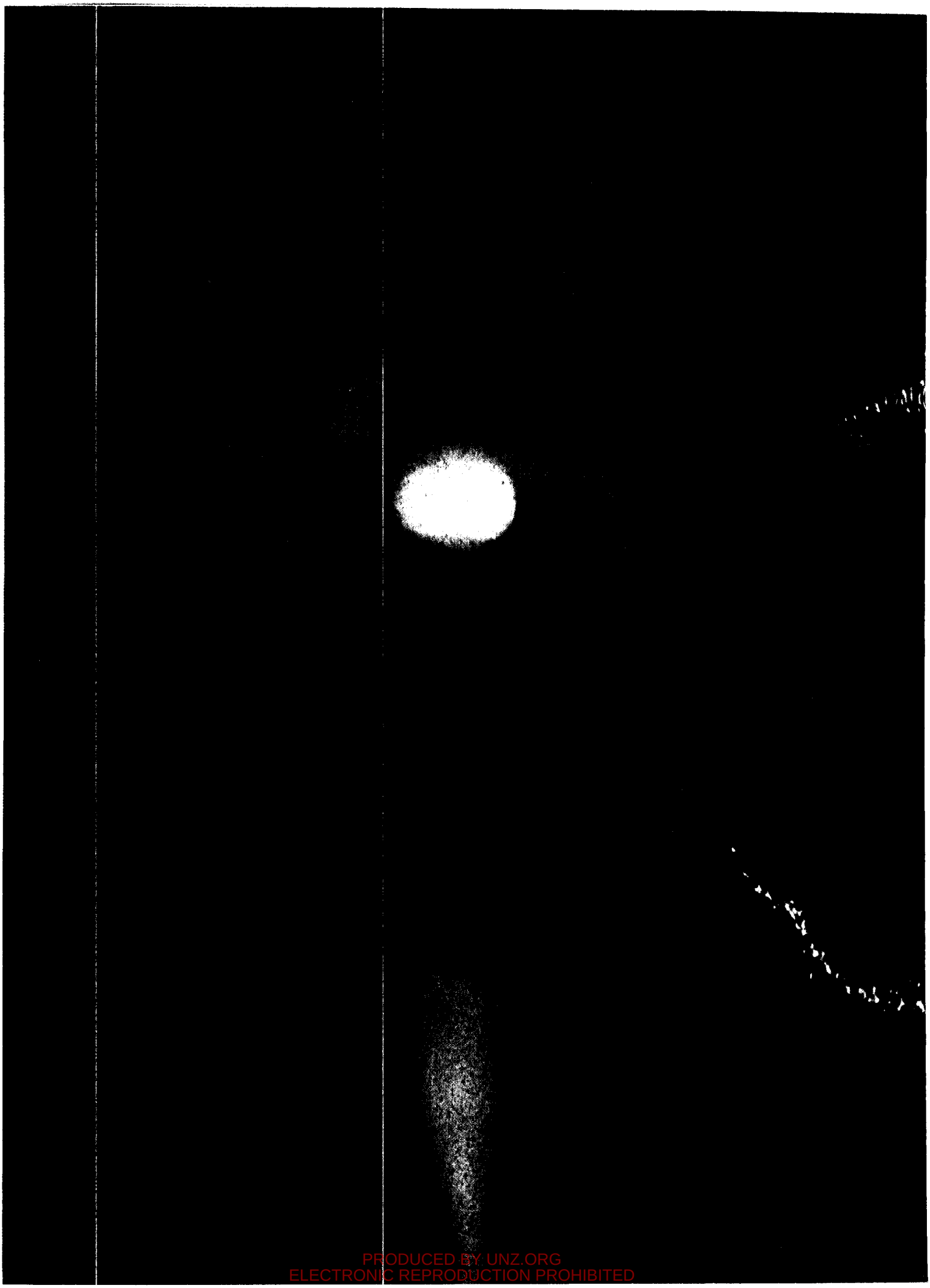

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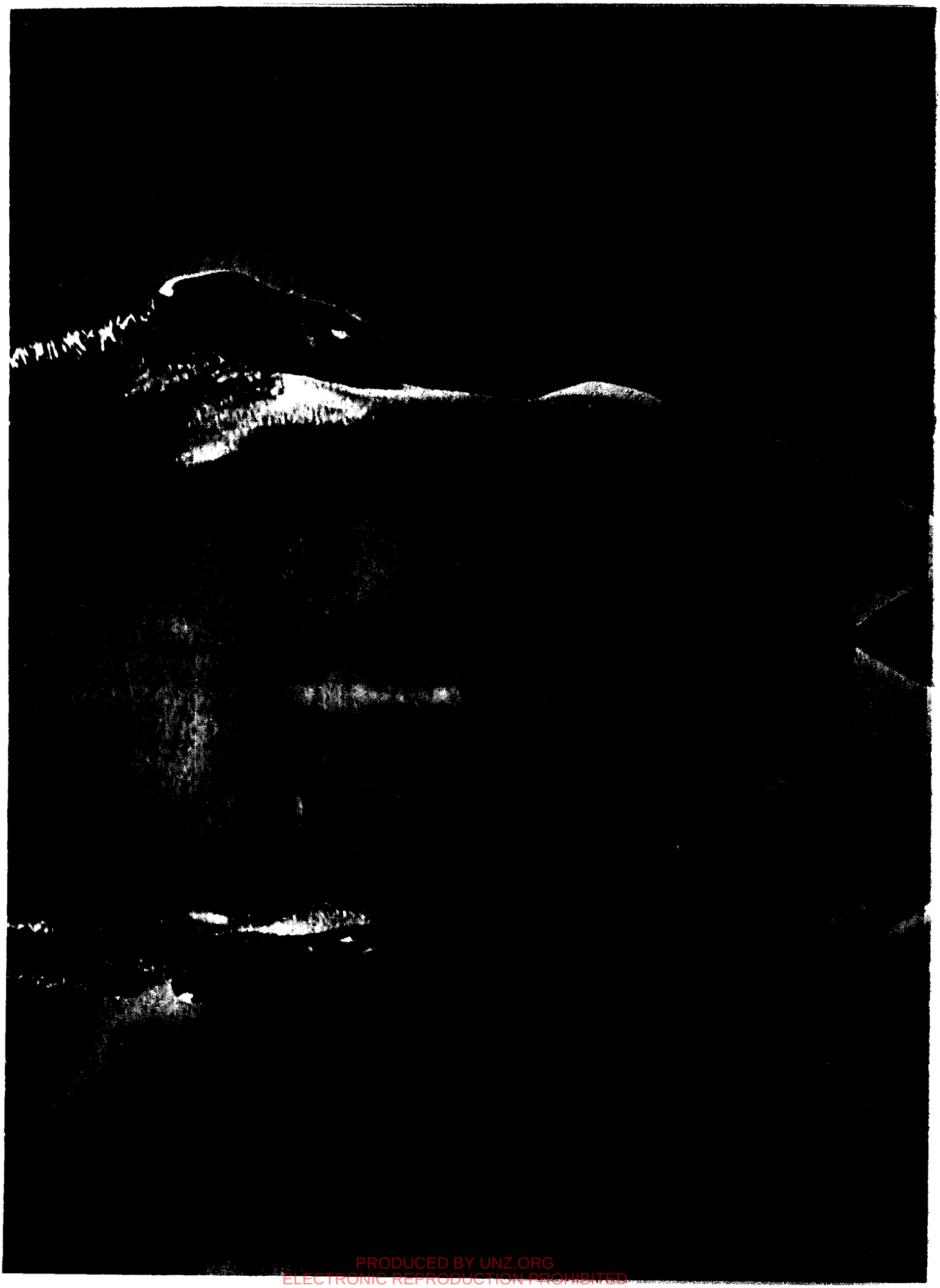

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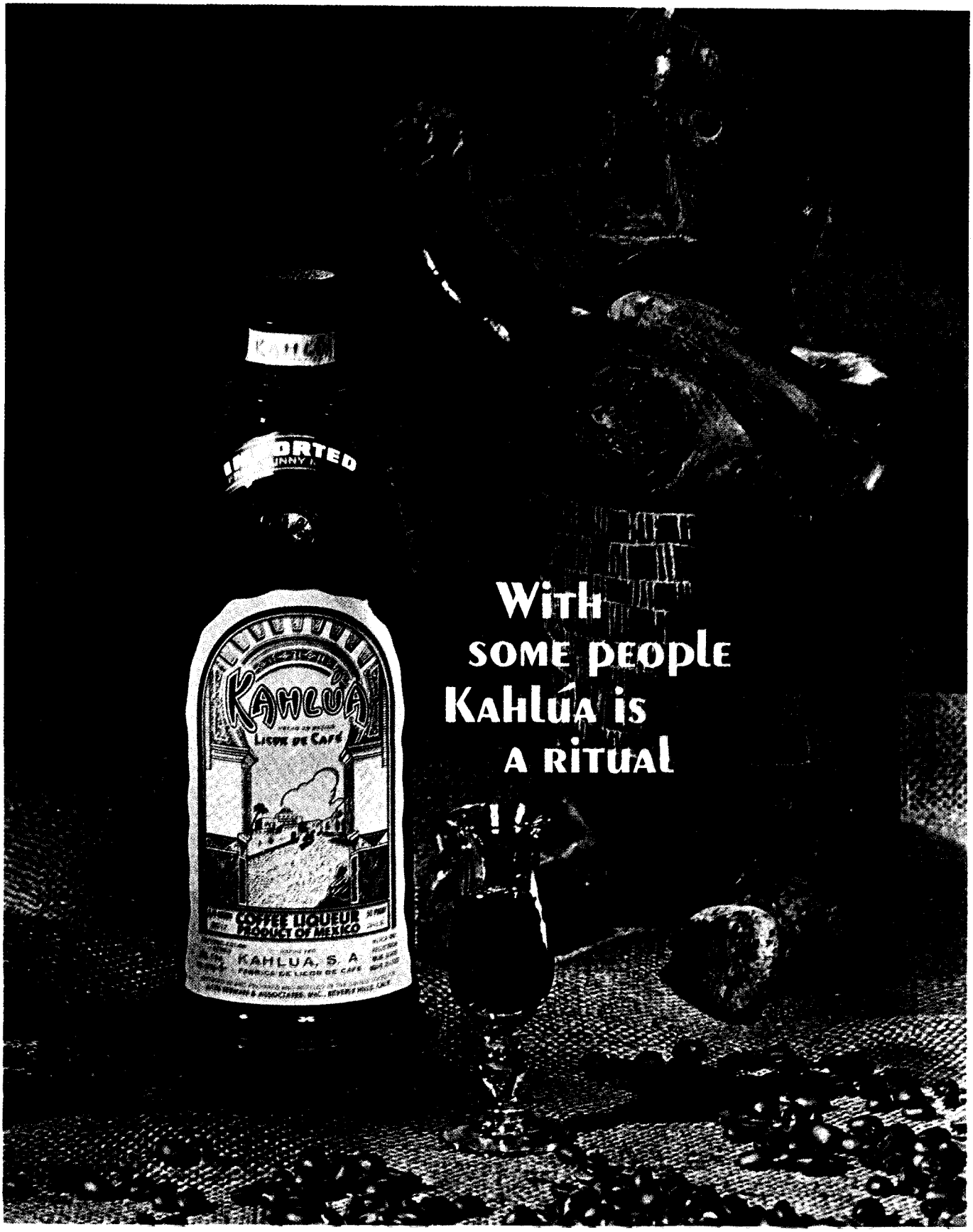

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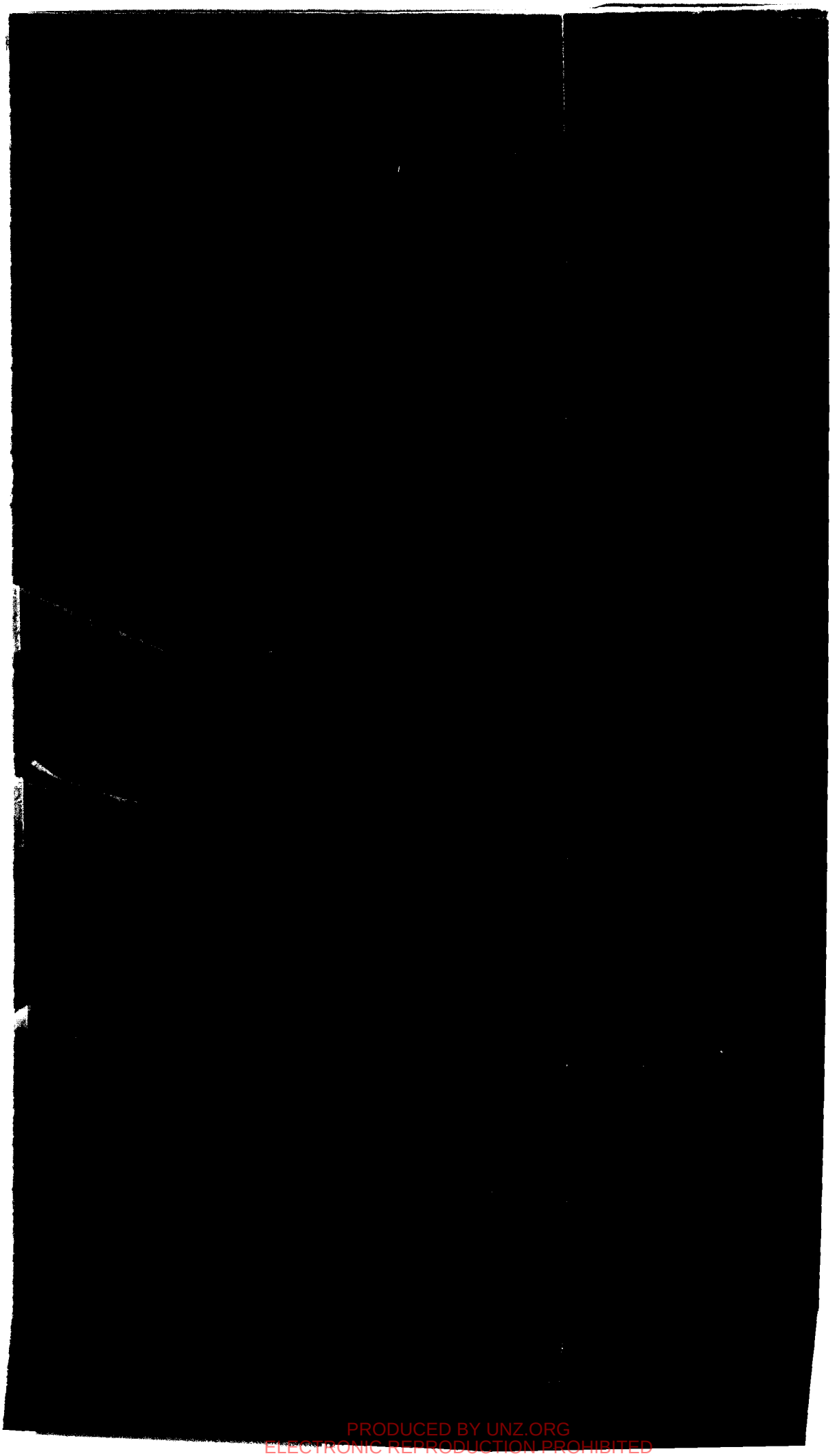

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immoral either inside or outside of it, too, of course. ℙ This second aspect of sex is going to become more and more important in the years ahead, because as our society necessarily becomes increasingly complex, technological and automated, it is necessarily more de-humanizing. The lack of privacy, as people crowd closer together, is another dehumanizing element. I feel, therefore, that the things that make people more human are going to receive, must receive, greater emphasis. I think the sexual experience—as a truly humanizing emotional as well as physical relationship—is going to be more important, and that we're going to be searching in the future for new, positive ways of emphasizing it. ℙ Each new generation is faced with social problems uniquely related to the times. In the 1930's, our society's major concern was the labor movement and the rights of the working classes. In the 1960's, the major social issue is racial equality. And I believe that the great social problem that will require emphasis in the coming generation is the importance of being an individual, of being truly human; the joy of being yourself and liking who you are, and liking the other members of society, even though they're not exactly like you—literally liking others because of their individuality, their differences, instead of just for their similarities as we do today. A more personalized individual form of sexual morality will obviously play a part in this during the coming generation.

Hefner: People who think that the sexual revolution represents sexual decadence, and that the new morality this generation is searching for is really immorality, completely misunderstand what is really happening: in truth, our society is coming alive for the first time—it is really beginning to put an emphasis on the things that this country, in its purest and best sense, is based upon—that life can be an adventure—that the individual is important.

[To Be Continued]

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upbringing, I found both the problem and suggestions for the solution to it.

Ramparts: You know, Mr. Hefner, this is not just a peculiarity of Methodism, it's also a peculiarity of Protestantism, and incidentlo, it's a peculiarity of Catholicism. How do you account for this hangup on sex that we seem to have in Western civilization?

Hefner: Well, tracing it historically is relatively easy. I'm afraid that the anti-sexual element in today's culture is directly related to Christianity. Although this attitude toward sex certainly didn't come from Christ and it wasn't there in the Jewish background of Christianity, either. It seems to have really started with St. Paul, but certainly Paul's asceticism wasn't as extreme as anything that came afterward.

Ramparts: But he set the pattern.

Hefner: Yes, for St. Paul clearly accepted the philosophy of dualism—the idea that the spirit and body of man are in conflict. This is the source from which this hangup grows intellectually. It really came from mystical religions, primarily from the Orient; and historically, this seems to trace back to the fact that in the early years of Christianity, the Roman Empire had taken over much of Asia, with the result that some of the Asian culture had swept back and was influencing Rome and Greece and apparently very much affected St. Paul's own thinking. These were the very first seeds of this particular form of religious thought to be accepted into Christianity and they found fertile soil in those early centuries.

Ramparts: You know, there may be another possible angle to this thing that we have to explore and that I haven't heard you explore before: that this grew up in a period when women were on a very inferior status.

Hefner: Well, continually, there's been a high correlation between the two—between sex suppression and the low status of women. It's my own feeling that the two tend to come from the same source. Women had begun to move into positions of somewhat higher status in Rome before the fall of the Empire, but the growth of anti-sexualism in Christianity soon focused on the female—as the source of man's sexual temptation and sin—and as Europe entered into the Dark Ages, the status of women in society sank lower and lower, and sexual suppression became increasingly severe. But why did this antisexualism have so much appeal in those early centuries? Perhaps, a portion of it was a rejection of the more freewheeling, libertarian approach to sex in the surrounding society. Maybe this was a way for the followers of this new religion to set themselves apart. But, equally important, I think, is the extent to which masochism can develop out of persecution. It may seem incredible, if one doesn't understand anything about the strange workings of the human mind, but if you toss people to the lions long enough, people will accept being tossed to the lions and you can even develop within a group, or a religious sect, a real taste for it. I think that the asceticism that grew up after St. Paul may be related to the persecution that existed at that time. Now why this antisexualism continued to grow and then became codified in the Middle Ages and became as extreme as it did under the Medieval Church . . .

Ramparts: But you know this asceticism died out in the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance period.

Hefner: During the Renaissance, yes, but the Renaissance was not primarily a religious movement.

Ramparts: No, but it has a religious milieu. But now I'm talking of society as a whole, where women became important either because of matters of the state, or because they became sex objects.

Hefner: But the Renaissance follows precisely the same pattern that I've been talking about. Though the Middle Ages were generally quite suppressive, the Renaissance was a more sexually liberal, sexually permissive period, and one in which women achieved increased status and freedom. Throughout the history of Western civilization, there has been a direct correlation between the two.

Ramparts: What would you like to see replace what you describe as anti-sexuality?

Hefner: A more natural and reasonable and humanistic approach to sex. I'm not advocating—as many people assume when the names "Playboy" or "The Playboy Philosophy" are mentioned—a hedonistic or completely permissive society in which there are no restrictions, but a set of moral and ethical values based upon the knowledge that we have about sex today—the things that we have learned about the true sexual nature of human beings. We didn't know very much about sex and the psychological and emotional implications of sex until the beginning of this century. We didn't understand the sexual drive, not simply as a physical drive, but as an emotional drive too—and we didn't know anything about the existence of the subconscious and what it means to man's motivation. There are changing cultural considerations, too. I think the primary problem confronting our churches is that we've never before lived in a society in which there really was any need for a morality for single people. The single person didn't exist in society, by and large, as a separate entity—apart from the family. Young people moved directly

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Three

from the families in which they were born and raised, into early marriage, and began families of their own. Today we live in a different kind of society in which an increasing number of unmarried men and women are going out on their own. And organized religion—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish—has not developed any real concept of sex morality for these single persons. It's simply a matter of trying to apply the old "Thou shalt nots." And that just isn't going to work any longer.

Hefner: Do we really expect them to just turn it off? Well, we know what comes from that. That's where the repressions begin—where the guilt and shame begin—and you can't get away with that. Even if you can manage to do it physically, you can't do it psychologically and emotionally.

Hefner: That's right, turn it off until the day you finally get married—and then turn it on again and live happily ever after. Well, we know that life doesn't work like that. Human emotions don't work like that. I think that the major problem confronting religion today where sex is concerned—is the need to develop a rational moral code for the single person. As of today, they don't have one.

Hefner: Fine. We talk about a new morality—it receives increasing attention in both secular and religious provinces, in the press, on radio and television—but what isn't generally appreciated is the extent to which not only the need, but the real opportunity for a new morality exists today—for the first time. Because up to the present, sex really couldn't be separated with any certainty from the question of procreation. Only with the discovery of the "pill" has it become possible to consider the moral issues of sex and procreation separately. In other words, the advances of science and technology often go hand in hand with social change. Usually, of course, there is a cultural lag and I think that this is what we're involved in now.

Hefner: If we're searching, as I feel that we should be, for a responsible and, at the same time, reasonable and humane sexual morality, then it is necessary to recognize that one of the moral purposes of sex is procreation, but as far as I'm concerned, it isn't the only moral purpose of sex. We once felt it was, and certainly in religious quarters, until quite recently...

Hefner: Yes, I know that.

Hefner: I think we're going through a transitional period now. Am I correct in suggesting this: my understanding is that there has been quite a change in the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward what is considered "natural" in the way of sex play—non-procreative acts, once considered perversion, are now accepted as a normal and moral part of sex—but the emphasis is still on procreation. The Church now concedes that sex has two purposes—procreation and pleasure—but the half that has to be there is the procreation. In other words, for responsible, moral sex, from the Catholic point of view at this time, sex must still lead to procreation . . .

Hefner: Yes—I meant the possibility of procreation. This is directly related to the fact that not too many years ago procreation was the only moral purpose for sex. So now Catholicism is going through this transitional period. Most Protestant sects are further down this particular road and don't make the distinction between primary and secondary ends in sex. What I'm suggesting on at least a secular level is this: There are really two purposes to sex. One is procreation, but another—which may or may not be related to procreation—is the pleasure, the emotional as well as the physical fulfillment, the positive value in helping to establish a loving relationship between two human beings—in this context, sex can be a wonderfully rewarding experience. Now it is my personal feeling that this is a moral and proper purpose of sex and that science has now made it possible to separate this aspect of sex from the other moral purpose—procreation.

Hefner: That's right. That's the part of sex I find to be the most truly human—the least animalistic.

[Hugh Hefner in traditional format.]

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In Defence of Judas

BY PAUL CLAUDEL

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IN DEFENCE OF JUDAS

No one could really describe me as what they call a man of straw. No question either of a childish enthusiasm, or a sentimental feeling—at least "sentimental" is about the only word that fits what I mean. It was something absolutely serious. I wanted to know where He was going; I wanted to have all His cards on the table. To follow Him I sacrificed my family and my friends, my fortune and my personal situation—all without a moment's hesitation. I've always had my share of curiosity—scientific or psychological, you can call it what you like—and at the same time I've had a taste for adventure and speculation. All this talk about the pearl beyond price; mysterious places where you get 100 percent for your investment; some Kingdom just around the corner that we shall have the running of—well you must admit that all this was calculated to inflame the noblest ambitions in the heart of a young man. Oh yes, I've nibbled at the bait. And I wasn't the only one—these fellows are all good fishermen. But then I saw the others, distinguished and well-to-do people like Lazarus, women in society, men of a certain position in the state like Joseph and Nicodemus. I saw them all at His feet. You never can tell. We've seen horses of every colour in Israel, since the Romans came here. I wanted to know exactly what it was all about, and then go through with it to the end.

I venture to say that among the twelve I was by far the best educated and the most distinguished. I was a credit to the whole bunch. There was Simon Peter, of course, and no one would have had the heart to displace him. You only had to look at his eyes—like the eyes of an affectionate dog—and that expression on his face like a child who is about to burst into tears when you scolded him. It was curious how often he looked like that. I always behaved correctly. I had my own job, and no one could ask me to do more. Otherwise there would have been chaos. They appreciated my judgment, my manners, my knowledge of the world and the Scriptures. I was among the first to pass for an Apostle to have the cord put around my neck—you know, the thing you now call a stole.

And I was what they call "a good administrator"—that was my specialty. Of course, it's more distinguished to have nothing to do with money. Still, somebody

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must deal with these matters, and it had better be someone with no flies on him. There were always at least thirteen of us at table, and that's not counting the unexpected guest. If the budget was to be kept straight, you had to have a man who knew how to get the most out of a five-shilling piece. And it's about as difficult to feed thirteen people on a five-shilling piece as it is to feed five thousand people on two small fishes. (That's what they told me He did; I wasn't there myself.) All the same, when the evening came round and they'd finished gazing at the lilies in the fields, they were glad to find the soup ready. And what a fuss they made because I now and then made sixpence for myself on the side! Was I an Apostle, or wasn't I? After all, I had my position to keep up, and it was in the interest of us all that I shouldn't go about looking like a beggar.

Well, enough of that. Anyway, it doesn't matter, and I'm glad to have seen what I did see. You'll ask me if I saw any miracles. Of course I did; we did nothing else but perform miracles. It was our specialty. No one would have come near us if we hadn't performed miracles. I must admit that it was impressive, the first few times; but it's astonishing how you get used to it. It's splendid to begin with—curing all these people who are ill, and giving back their sight to the blind. But I was in the background and I can tell that it wasn't all plain sailing. I saw some incredible scenes. You have no idea what it's like when a paralytic suddenly gets on his feet again. It's like a rampaging lion. And all these dead people, cut up into little pieces, there they are, sewn together again, and once more asking to be fed. If death becomes uncertain, society falls apart—it's the end. Trouble and disorder on every side.

The misfortune for me was that I was never able to lose my faculties of criticism and self-control. Well, I'm made like that, we're all like that in Carioth. It's a sort of earthy common sense. When I'm told to turn the other cheek, and pay a man as much for doing an hour's work as for doing ten, and never raise an eyelid to look at a pretty woman—all this continual defiance of nature, equity and common sense—well, I don't like it. It rubs me up the wrong way. I have a certain appetite for logic, or, if you prefer, an average way of feeling about things,

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a sense of proportion—and these are left unsatisfied. I tell you we're all like that in the city of Carioth. During the past three years I haven't heard the ghost of a sensible discussion. Texts and texts and texts again, the whole blessed time, and miracles—these were the staple diet. Or little stories which are not without a certain charm, I readily admit, but which are really quite irrelevant. For example, I remember the occasion when we wanted to talk to Him, man to man, and all of a sudden, what do you think he said to us? "Before Abraham was, I am." Bit of a bombshell, if you see what I mean. "Who are you then?" we asked Him. "The time has come for a little explanation. Why do you keep us in this unbearable suspense? We can't stand it any longer. Tell us who you are." And do you know what He said? I heard it with my own ears. "The Principle which speaks to you." Well, I, too, am a man of principle—but to have a thing like that thrown in your face. No one has the right to talk like that. It's a mixture of blackest injury and basest insinuations.

That brings me to the Pharisees; let me explain to you how they were placed. You mustn't blame them too much. They had their backs to the wall. It was either He or they; His skin or theirs. If He was right, we were wrong. If we allowed Him to say, as openly as He did, that He was the Messiah, then that's who He was. And if He's the Messiah, what are we? What are we doing here? There was no way out of it. And that's why I made it my business to see something of the Pharisees. I wanted to know the other side. And I must say I found that many of them had perfect manners and were extremely well-bred. I had serious cause to complain of them in the end, but that's not going to stop me doing them justice. For a long time we were in touch with a rich family of Bethany—the famous Lazarus was a member of it—and we had been drawing on them fairly heavily for money; it was all pretty chaotic, we lived from one day to another, and never gave a thought to the future.

I wanted to regularize the situation, and my idea was to establish at Bethany a sort of financial base and administrative organization on which we could depend. I was counting particularly on Mary Magdalen. I discovered that the fortune of

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IN DEFENCE OF JUDAS

Martha and Lazarus was locked up, for the most part, in mortgages and bonds which wouldn't be easy to liquidate. But Mary Magdalen had a fairly considerable sum in hard cash, jewels, and personal effects, etc. And in a poor country like Judaea hard cash goes a long way. One can do a lot with it, there's no lack of opportunity. So I explained the whole situation to her—small sympathy as I had for her disreputable past, and I thought the thing was fixed. We were in the house of Simon the Leper, I remember, and suddenly the door opened. My hair stood up on end. Can you believe that this goose of a girl had taken all her money to the bazaars—in fact, it wasn't her money any more, because she had promised it to us—and had spent it on perfumes? I need hardly say that she had been nicely swindled in the process. She had then filled a little alabaster pot with it; I can see it still! Then she went down on her hands and knees, only too happy to display her remarkable head of hair, and smashing the pot over the feet of the principal guest, she pours out her entire capital! This was the crowning touch, and you can understand that after this my hesitations were at an end. I knew exactly when and where we should find the friends of our Master asleep. I shall always remember the moment. When one takes leave of a distinguished personality, to whom one has given three years of devoted and voluntary service, it's understandable that one should feel a certain emotion. So I was inspired by nothing but the most genuine sympathy when I placed a respectful Kiss upon His lips—in the oriental manner. After this self-sacrificing act, I expected a warm and sympathetic welcome from those whose advice I had taken. What an illusion! All I got was a few pieces of silver thrown at me with contempt as you throw money to a beggar. Thirty pieces of silver! After that, there was only one thing to do—and I've done it.

The foregoing is a previously unpublished work of the late Paul Claudel, French dramatist, novelist and poet. It was translated from the French by Robert Speaight.

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Wallace Fowlie

Homage to Jean Cocteau

illustration after the style of Jean Cocteau by Peter Keep

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COCTEAU DIED IN his own house, at Milly-la-Forêt, on October 11, 1963, at the age of seventy-four. During the seventeen years he had been proprietor of the house, he had stored in it objects that had come to him from friends and that had sentimental attachment. More than his small Paris apartment and more than the villa of Santo-Sospir in Saint-Jean Cap Ferrat, the Milly house had become home for Cocteau, a second body for the soul, as he had once called a home. There is a photograph of his writing desk in the Milly house, and it shows the array of photographs of those closest to him and of objects he cherished: Raymond Radiguet, Jean Marais and Edouard Dermit; Sartre and Orson Welles, Picasso, Marlene Dietrich, a bust of Byron, a pair of banderillas, a painting of Mme. Weisweiller.

A citizen of Milly-la-Forêt for seventeen years, he deserved the homage of the town which he received at his funeral when all the civic and religious organizations were represented at the procession and the funeral Mass. He was buried in the garden of the chapel, Saint Blaise des Simples, which he had decorated by painting a series of herbs and medicinal plants *(simples)* on the inside walls. By the time of his death, Cocteau had quite literally become the characterization he had assumed when he signed some of his drawings: *le sire de Milly*.

Juliette, the housekeeper, and her husband, the gardener, had with great devotion cared for Cocteau when he lived in Milly. His last words were spoken to Juliette, when he said to her he was not well and that she was seeing him for the last time. *Je ne suis pas bien. Regardez-moi. C'est la dernière fois que vous me voyez.* When Cocteau first occupied the Milly house, in 1947, he employed a young gardener, Edouard Dermit. As an adolescent, Dermit had worked in the iron mines of Lorraine. When Cocteau discovered his talents as an artist, he helped make him into a serious painter who today is painting the frescoes of a small chapel in Fréjus, a work for which Cocteau left numerous drawings and sketches. Dermit played the roles of Paul in the film *Les Enfants Terribles* and Cégeste in *Orphée*. He was adopted by Cocteau and entrusted with the manuscript of the autobiographical work, *Passé Défini*, to be published posthumously.

When his death was announced, all those who were familiar with his work, and especially those who, during the first few weeks following his death, wrote testimonial notices, remembered the exceptional closeness Cocteau had always felt for death. In trying to express this closeness, he had once used the metaphor of a coin and said that life and death were the two sides of the same coin, separated only by the thickness of the metal, although they cannot know one another. He resented all funeral pomp and ceremony. At Giraudoux' funeral, for example, he grew depressed by the oratory and display, and said to a friend: "Let's leave. He didn't come."

In his poem *Plain Chant*, Death is called an evil companion, and in *Orphée*, she is a leading character, rubber-gloved in her role of surgeon. For Cocteau, death cohabits with us in close union. We marry her at our own birth, and adjust to her temperament, "She is our youth, our development, our loves." On that Friday in October, 1963, Death joined with him in perfect union, and the poet took his place between the school boy Dargelos and the angel Heurtebise. Suddenly he became, for all those who had been following his gyrations and accomplishments and who had never been able quite to see clearly who he was, a permanent figure with more visible features.

HIS DEATH MARKED THE BEGINNING of a new era, as it does for every artist, when the work exists alone, when the accidents and adventures of living can no longer affect the work. Too often it was said – and always derisively – that Cocteau's masterpiece was his life. He suffered more than most from this type of judgment and from the legendary character created out of the facility with which he semed to work and the

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alleged fickleness and even dissoluteness of his personal life. "They have made of me a character I would not like to meet," he used to say. During the first part of his career, he was amused by the lies and exaggerations promulgated around his name, but in the later years they distressed him and he would plead, even with his friends, to be more just toward the man he really was, toward the fundamental traits of his character. *Vous ne me connaissez pas, vous ne savez pas qui je suis, rendez justice enfin à mon vrai visage.* His fame victimized him. The stories about him were far more heeded than his books were read. He accepted this, despite the pain it caused him, with the knowledge that an artist comes into his own posthumously.

The literalness of his death, when it occurred, gave suddenly and unexpectedly a new dimension to his work and to the legends that had grown up around the name of Jean Cocteau. The man who had once mimed his own death in his film *Le Testament d'Orphée* and who had carried on throughout his life a persistent dialogue with the beyond, had reached the definitive rendezvous. At last he had become purely Orpheus. He had passed through the one avoidable event after which both his detractors and admirers would have to decide whether he had been a clown or a poet. The judgments, the estimates during his lifetime had been disarmingly varied. Was he preeminently the restorer of Greek tragedy, as in *La Machine Infernale,* or the author of bourgeois drama, as in *Les Parents Terribles?* Was he the classicist, as in his novel *Les Enfants Terribles,* or the surrealist, as in his poetry? Was he the type of artist given to over-repeated, over-facile emblems: statues, angels, snow, roses, roosters? Or was he the artist who has articulated the deepest drama of our time, whose entire work is a cry of anguish?

When the motorcycle policemen appeared on the highways around Milly, on October 16, 1963, the friends attending the funeral remembered the scenes from the film *Orphée* when the *motards* in their sinister appearances and disappearances created one further Cocteau myth. Themes, choreography, graphic profiles are imprints of this artist's sensibility. By his manipulation of such a myth as *Orphée,* he taught two generations that poetry is that power which temporarily wrests life away from death.

Never did Cocteau savor for any length of time a success or an intimation of glory. For fifty years he never stopped working, and moving from one accomplishment to another. He never took time out in order to hate or attack. He moved through time swiftly, indefatigably until his death, and since that event time has been working for him. The most often repeated testimonial to Cocteau from younger writers and artists is the passion for work he communicated to them. His method of work allowed this uninterrupted productivity, because he seized immediately on what was at hand in order to convert it into a form of art. The work was done first and then afterwards he might search for its explanation. *On trouve d'abord, on cherche après* – was a basic article of faith for Cocteau. The pure instinct of the artist guided him during the initial stages of creative work.

A few hours before his death, he had learned from his housekeeper, of the death of Edith Piaf, an artist whose career he had helped to promote. An hour before his death, Cocteau was preparing to receive the visit of a reporter in order to dictate some statement about Piaf. This final gesture of generosity was characteristic of his life. A large part of his work involved the understanding and transforming of many artists and many forms of art. Such human experiences and such aesthetic experiences were calculated to alleviate the monotony of living, but each one always served in the work itself of Cocteau, whether it was the airplane of Roland Garros, the making of a film, the addiction to opium, playing in a jazz orchestra, the writing of poems or criticism, the staging of a play and even the acting of one of the parts, the writing of a play, the choreographing of a ballet. Not only did Cocteau's body remain agile throughout the years so crowded with activity, his spirit also sustained its youthfulness, and this spirit was at the source of his eagerness to experiment, to test every possible expression of art. René Clair, when he learned of the passing of Cocteau, stated that his friend had died at the end of a long adolescence: *mort à l'issue d'une longue jeunesse.*

The roles he played in life, the public episodes that became chapters in a life story, the long line of artistic successes swiftly attained and quickly abandoned in turn, the friendships with so many famous figures in so many of the arts, make it impossible to choose one part that will designate Cocteau's permanent contribution. Variousness is the clue to his genius. At sixteen his poetry was read publicly by a celebrated actor of the day. A few years after that, Diaghilev addressed Cocteau with the two words which since then have been endlessly repeated as the admonition spoken at the beginning of a career that was to be faithfully followed: *étonne-moi.* Cocteau did astonish not only Diaghilev but all of Paris, in 1917, with *Parade,* and he escaped from the crowd at the theatre bent on attacking him and doing him bodily harm, only because he was protected by Guillaume Apollinaire wearing his uniform and around his head a heavy bandage. It was that memorable night that the word *surrealism* was heard for the first time.

When Cocteau played the drums in a jazz band, he helped launch the fashion of jazz. His first film, *Sang d'un Poète,* initiated a use of *le merveilleux* in cinema art which is still being copied. On meeting the

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Negro boxer from Panama, Al Brown, he became the fighter's manager and forced him back into the ring where he recaptured the championship. With *Antigone* and with *Orphée*, in which he played angel Heurtebise in the Pitoeff production, he rejuvenated the theatre of antiquity. He added a new dimension to the art of journalism by undertaking a trip around the world for *Paris-Soir* and communicating his observations to the newspaper. He was among the very first to call attention to the art of Picasso and the art of Louis Armstrong.

He seemed destined to amuse the public, the wrong kind of public, with the long series of "numbers," of adroit performances that constantly brought back his name. Photographed everywhere, at bull fights, at jazz concerts, at social events of Tout-Paris, his face and his name became associated with worldliness, with the quasi-scandalous activities of the newest arts, with reporters and whatever erratic subject they might raise in their interviews. When the highest and most solemn honors came to him, an honorary degree at Oxford, an invitation to lecture at Harvard, membership in the Belgian Academy and the French Academy, it became more apparent that the long career had not been motivated by an ambition to amuse, that underneath the spectacular aspects of his public life, Cocteau was an indefatigable worker, a man believing that a supernatural force always directed the natural forces, an artist whose lifework testified to a coherent unity and principle, whose seeming facility was his method of work, his unwillingness to interrupt his work when either success or failure came. In his particular universe no barriers separate one art from another. A momentary failure in one of the arts can be converted into a success in another form of art. The generosity of Cocteau's nature and the intelligence of his mind prevented his lingering over insult or attack or animosity. To love and to feel himself loved were indivisible needs of his temperament, and they lay at the basis of the artist's impulse to create and to justify his life in the eyes of friends and of all those he did not know but looked upon as friends.

In the early years of the century, Picasso's studio, at 13, rue Ravignan, in Montmarte, was the center for a group of artists and writers who shared poverty and ambitions. Apollinaire, Picasso, André Salmon and Max Jacob formed a unified group destined to revolutionize arts and letters in France. Picasso was first proclaimed a master by the poets. The elf-like ironic charm of Max Jacob bears affinities with Cocteau's art. Max possessed something of the prodigious virtuosity of Cocteau.

Picasso's friendship with Jean Cocteau came a bit later and lasted longer, because it lasted until Cocteau's death. Cocteau often said that his meeting with Picasso was the most important of his life. The *Ode à Pablo Picasso* and the essay on the painter, one of the texts included in *Le Rappel à l'Ordre*, as well as the many allusions scattered throughout the work, prove the influence, or rather the singular presence of Picasso in the thought and the aesthetic preoccupations of Jean Cocteau.

From the time of World War I, about 1916, when he first met Picasso, Cocteau's activity continued unremittingly in all domains. Especially during the 20s and 30s, a prodigiously fertile period in French culture, Cocteau participated in a very intense artistic life in the capital. If his name became known to a wide public, he himself was understood by very few. Among those few, Pablo Picasso counted in a very special way.

Picasso and Max Jacob understood better than others Cocteau's personal drama, which was often disguised by the exterior spectacle of his life. This impression is confirmed by these few lines of an unpublished letter of Max Jacob about Cocteau. "We can never do enough to remove Jean's name from Paris society where he is so badly understood. Jean has the misfortune of being a man of wit. Some do not forgive him for this, and others pretend to find his wit his only charm. The truth is that his wit is always dazzling and conceals the other good attributes of the man. People are delighted to use this dazzling wit to conceal Jean's virtues, talents and gifts . . . We must speak the truth. The truth is that Jean is a very great poet, and, as I see it, the only poet we have had since Apollinaire's death . . ."

PICASSO ALWAYS ADMIRED the boldness with which Cocteau carried out his experimentations. The private asceticism by which Cocteau lived made of him a free man in the fullest sense of the word. The freedom he exemplified involving a life of considerable solitude, provoked that "difficulty of being" that Cocteau described in his most profound book. It explains also the constant presence of death in his work. His understanding of death, his impatient desire not to be late with himself, his fear of losing a single instant, explain at least to some degree Cocteau's fecundity and his prodigious vitality.

One day, soon after his first meeting with Picasso, Cocteau proposed to the painter to create a ballet for Sergei Diaghilev. This was to be *Parade*. We are in 1916. The eminent impresario of *Les Ballets Russes* took with him to Rome all of the collaborators in the work, except Erik Satie, who refused to leave Paris. Cocteau was in charge of the score and the book. Picasso constructed the models for the stage set. Cocteau invented a kind of choreography. Feverishly they rehearsed in Léonide Massine's room. Between times, Picasso sketched portraits of his friends.

The war was still being fought at the time of the effervescence of this new spirit in which poetry, music, painting and dance collaborated. What will be called *l'après-guerre*, the period after the war, made its start

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with *Parade*. Slowly during the decade of the 20s, Cocteau's prestige and Picasso's grew and showered Paris with dazzling lights.

In 1917, *Parade* was a public scandal. Concerning that moment, Cocteau will say later: "From then on, I was to know only scandals, the notoriety of scandals, the luck and the bad luck of scandals." He often meditated on this aspect of his destiny. He returned to it and discussed it in his reception speech at the Académie Française.

When Jean Cocteau wrote for *Paris-Midi* his articles entitled *Carte Blanche*, he spoke of artists who were not known by the Paris public of that moment: 1920. The names which kept appearing in his chronicle were: Derain, Braque, Picasso, Apollinaire, Max Jacob, Erik Satie and the group of composers called *Les Six*. These men usually refused publicly to take their art seriously, to speak seriously about their art. They were distrustful especially of what might be called an explanation or an interpretation of their work. Their critical statements were almost always aphorisms, elliptical phrases and condensations.

For the publication of his play *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel*, in 1924, Cocteau wrote a preface, which is really a manifesto that still today is of great interest. It is an example of the critical texts about the new art in the century, texts that are difficult to read, and that are rich in ideas and intuitions. According to this text, Cocteau's position did not conform with traditional disciplines, but it was in perfect conformity with Picasso's discipline. It was opposed to the esoteric and the mysterious, but was bent upon rehabilitating the commonplace. This work, both the preface and the text itself, was a new scandal, provoked by those who believed that the Eiffel Tower had been insulted. In *Le Coq et l'Arlequin*, Cocteau's aesthetics are still more apparent, as well as the significant affirmations concerning the morality of his poetics. In this essay is found the celebrated sentence on poets, in which Cocteau claims we shelter an angel whom we are constantly scandalizing. We should be the guardians of this angel. *(Nous abritons un ange que nous choquons sans cesse. Nous devons être les gardiens de cet ange.)* The artist is thus defined by Cocteau as being a man inhabited by another being.

Cocteau does not approve of systems or schools or artistic movements. He used to call them "family dinners," and on occasion he would remind us that Picasso is not a cubist, that Mallarmé was not a Mallarmist or Debussy a Debussyst. In depicting artistic movements, he claimed that a great man is contagious. His victims group together and his school turns into a hospital.

Each element of the astonishingly varied work of Cocteau helps us to understand better the total work, and to understand better the period and the work of the artist's friends such as Picasso. Cocteau as graphic artist has his place beside Cocteau the critic, the aesthetician, and the creator of new styles in the theatre and films. His book *Dessins* (1923) is dedicated to Picasso, and this dedication reveals an influence although it is difficult to tell which was the stronger influence, the painter or the poet. It would seem that Picasso had contracted some kind of debt to Cocteau who, in 1917, travelled with him to Rome. Picasso's first "Greek" drawings and those in the style of Ingres possibly came after similar drawings of Cocteau. But such a question is vain and useless. It is more than evident, however, that Cocteau did not escape the marked influence of the Spaniard from Malaga whom he, as deliberately as Apollinaire did, placed in the foremost rank of contemporary artists.

In turning the pages of the album *Dessins*, crammed with surprises and variety, one is struck by the spirit of a period whose aspirations and whose taste are exemplified in *Les Ballets Russes*, *Le Sacré du Printemps* and Picasso's paintings. Somewhat later, in 1934, Cocteau published a series of illustrations for his novel: *Soixante Dessins pour Les Enfants Terribles*. These retell the novel graphically. In these drawings, Cocteau's art is closer to Christian Bérard's than to Picasso's. According to Cocteau, the book of pictures is intended to illuminate the literary text. Paradoxically, each is independent of the other, and each merges indistinguishably with the other.

Picasso and Cocteau, more than the other artists, retained through the years a youthfulness of spirit. Most poets and painters give the impression of pursuing the Muses, and because of their determination, never quite catch them. But the Muses seemed to favor Cocteau and Picasso, and pursued them. Whenever one or the other was apprehended by the Muses, he would escape and this escape would be manifested in a new work or in a new painting.

To describe this type of artist, the image of a spring-finder *(sourcier)* has been used. And spring-finders are rare. They are men who, by means of a stick or a magic wand, discover fountains and springs. Cocteau's pen and Picasso's brush do bear resemblances to magic wands. Whenever they held them in their hands, refreshing water gushed forth in which objects were bathed. They appeared metamorphosed and rejuvenated when they appeared on the pages of the poet and on the canvases of the painter. Picasso and Cocteau often chose simple objects of today, but they possessed the secret of endowing these recent objects with an ancient mythological character.

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the legion of Decency *What's Nude?*

BY JUDY STONE

THE HOMELY young Negro prostitute stood there, in the sad, shabby Harlem pawnshop where people deposited old dreams in order to survive one more day of reality. She looked pleadingly at the pawnbroker, a man numbed by concentration camps beyond all seduction or appeal, and swiftly bared her breasts. She did it with an almost innocent pride in the only beauty she possessed and with an untouchable dignity.

Sixteen men watched this crucial scene from "The Pawnbroker" with varying degrees of appraisal and emotion at a special screening in the New York headquarters of the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA) last March 23.

They saw the startled pawnbroker tremble as the shock of her exposure broke through his painfully constructed protective wall to focus on the one image he had tried to forget: the sight of his wife, naked and ashamed before a Nazi officer. As the pawnbroker struggles back up from the nightmare of his life, he throws a coat over the prostitute to hide her nakedness and her humiliation at his rejection; he is vulnerable

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once more to all the sorrow around him.

This wrenching moment has opened up a Pandora's box of questions involving cash and conscience for the film industry and its appendix, the Catholic Legion of Decency. A special industry appeals board granted "The Pawnbroker" a Motion Picture Production Code "Seal of Approval" after an unprecedented confrontation of hypocrisy; the Legion of Decency condemned it, after silence, delay and some ecumenical conflict of its own. The two actions set the stage for a showdown on the Code and the future of motion pictures.

The Code was written by Catholics and is kept alive, dying and crying though it may be, by fear of the Catholic Church and fear of censorship.

Otto Preminger summed it up when he said: "The Legion of Decency has assumed an undue position of power because of the cowardice of some major motion picture companies. They're scared of the Legion; scared of losing money; I don't know what in the hell they're scared of." The whole atmosphere was evoked by one of the highest paid screen writers, himself a Catholic. He told me, "I don't think it does the Church any good to be in the censorship business at all. Period. But don't use my name because they can get back at me. I'm not really a coward, but I have to think of the company I work for."

New conflicts are also agitating the Catholic Church and there are vivid contrasts between old attitudes and new approaches. In Chicago, I attended a Hull House conference on film censorship and was astonished by the presence of several nuns during a showing of Jean Genet's "Un Chant d'Amour," a film which leaves nothing to the imagination in exploring the agonizingly lonely homosexual fantasies of men in prison. Back on more familiar ground in New York, Msgr. Thomas F. Little, Executive Secretary of the Legion of Decency, expressed his belief that the Legion is "holding back the floodgates of nudity" on the screen.

It was the issue of nudity that brought about the Legion's condemnation of "The Pawnbroker." The staff had studied and been moved by the film's lesson: that a man, even one deadened by the loss of all his loved ones, may not cut himself off from the suffering of others. Although some were opposed to condemning the film, the majority took exception to the two key sequences involving nudity. As a result of the disagreement, which Msgr. Little admitted to Variety, the film industry's trade paper, the Legion waited until after "The Pawnbroker" had opened and, on May 11, announced the "C" rating. It was one of only two major United States productions to be condemned since "The Moon Is Blue" in 1953. This put it in the same category as "Kiss Me, Stupid," that slyly suggestive treatise on how to further a career through the adultery of one's wife. It was a fate happily avoided, after some bargaining sessions with the Legion, by "The Carpetbaggers," an inspiring version of life in Hollywood which transcended nudity by clothing Carroll Baker in a clinging black negligee for a seduction scene with her stepson shortly after the death of her husband.

A "C" rating directs the 45,640,619 Catholics in the United States to avoid the film as they would avoid any other occasion for sin. It also almost automatically precludes the film's exhibition in major motion picture houses throughout the country. (What fine hair-splitting or mental film splicing Catholics are expected to do about a "B" rating – "morally objectionable in part for all" – never did become clear to me.) But if the Legion considers itself the guardian of morality in films, how can it expect its rating system to be taken seriously when it condemns one of the few significantly moral films made by Hollywood?

The Legion statement on "The Pawnbroker" declared: "An acceptable classification is denied to this film for the sole reason that nudity has been used in its treatment. Although nudity is not in itself obscenity, and might even have an artistic function in a film of quality, it is never a necessary or indispensable means to achieve dramatic effect. The present film is no exception because the director could have accomplished his artistic objectives by the less literal and more demanding method of indirection. The good of the motion picture industry as well as of the national community requires that a marked effort on the part of some producers to introduce nudity into film treatment be discouraged, for such treatment is open to the gravest of abuses."

"The Pawnbroker," Msgr. Little told me, "is a foot in the door. If we were to agree to that, how could we hold back the next one? Nudity would become just as common as blowing your nose."

BUT THE FACT is that the Legion can no longer go on playing the role of the little Dutch boy with his finger in the dike. A lot has happened to what is still loosely known as "Hollywood" since the Hays office sent out a deadly serious memo in the '30s announcing that from that day forward udders were to be removed from all cows in the Mickey Mouse cartoons.

War, social and political revolutions, television and the growing impact of frankly realistic foreign films on the United States market have helped to batter out of recognition the once rigid rules of the old-fashioned Code, just as they have outmoded the simplistic moralizing behind the Legion's rating system.

When I finally met Geoffrey Shurlock, chief administrator of the Code, he turned out to be the least likely candidate for anyone's stereotype of a censor. He is an unpretentious, frank and cultured man of 70 who commands everyone's respect in what is acknowledged to be the most difficult and thankless job in Hollywood. He

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may still wear old-fashioned armbands to hold up his shirtsleeves, but there are no blinkers on the way he views the changing times, or changing movies. Not only does he bring erudition to a field that rarely exhibits it, but unusual sensitivity about the complexity of life and a warm sense of true human values.

Luckily, he also loves movies.

"Otherwise," he freely admits, "I would go nuts. If I didn't enjoy movies, even the poor ones, I'd be a mental case."

Born in Liverpool, the son of a British sea captain, he was brought to the West Coast at the age of seven. After serving with United States forces in World War I, he became secretary to a movie writer and then tried writing scripts himself. In 1926, he became a script reader for Paramount, later producing Spanish films for the South American market. Shurlock, a Protestant, became an assistant censor in the Code office in 1932 and the chief censor in 1954, the fourth man to hold the job since the Code was adopted on March 31, 1930.

It had been written by Martin Quigley, Catholic publisher of a trade paper, Motion Picture Daily, and the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, a Jesuit. From the beginning, any disclosure about the Catholic role in the Code's history "has been subordinated if not suppressed," Ruth A. Inglis reported in her scholarly book, *Freedom of the Movies*, a study of self-regulation for the Commission on Freedom of the Press.

The Code was accepted by the motion picture industry to stave off federal or local censorship. Even if the Code is modernized, its main purpose will be to forestall its latest headache: enforced classification of films.

From the time the Chicago Tribune first attacked "The Five Cent Theater" in 1907, there had been attempts to censor the new medium. In 1909, all New York City movie houses were shut down because of complaints about the lack of morality in films, until a group of citizens offered to examine them before they were shown. This action of prior restraint was given legal sanction by Pennsylvania which established a censorship board in 1911. When Congress began to investigate finances and morality in films in 1915, industry heads organized a National Board of Review which still exists today. Composed of representatives of ten national organizations now known as the Film Estimate Board of National Organizations, it reviews films and classifies them for various age groups.

A number of scandals involving leading film stars also broke out to plague the industry. Trying to establish some guide lines, in 1921, studio heads hired Will H. Hays, a Republican politician from Indiana – a Methodist – who had been United States Postmaster General, to head the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association of America. They then ignored his suggestions for "don'ts" and "be carefuls" in movies, just as they later ignored the new Code.

The Hays office was given full support by Catholic groups, particularly the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, composed of Catholic high school and college graduates. They were outraged by the industry's failure in self-control. On October 1, 1933, a meeting was held which prepared the way for a devastating change.

The newly arrived Apostolic Delegate, the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, made his first public talk at a Catholic Charities Convention in New York City and declared: "Catholics are called by God, the Pope, the bishops and the priests to a united and vigorous campaign for the purification of the cinema, which has become a deadly menace to morals."

One month later, the Catholic Bishops announced their decision to organize the National Legion of Decency and appointed an Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures, headed by five bishops, to take charge. The first Legion of Decency campaign to make the industry live up to the Production Code came the following Spring when the depression had made the film industry especially vulnerable to financial pressure. With the cooperation of many Protestant and Jewish organizations, a vigorous campaign against objectionable movies was directed at the box office. It utilized newspapers, radio and the pulpit to institute theater boycotts, and there were even reports of parochial school children picketing with signs "An admission to an Indecent Movie is a Ticket to Hell."

It didn't take long for the industry to cave in. Joseph I. Breen, a young Catholic newspaperman who had been active in the campaign to organize the Legion, was hired to enforce the Code by withholding the "Seal of Approval" from questionable films. Industry leaders pledged that films without the Seal would not be exhibited. The penalty was more effective at that time than today because the industry owned all the major theaters until divested of them by a series of anti-trust rulings in 1949-51.

A veteran producer discussed the Code and "its umbilical cord to the Legion" with unusual candor in a conversation we had in New York. The producer who had worked for three major companies reflected back on the early days of the industry when European immigrants and their children cornered the market on nickelodeons, not quite understanding the explosive potential of their little machines. He theorized that Hays was able to control the heads of the growing industry "because he was dealing with frightened Jews. They were frightened because they were Jews and frightened because they had not done much to police their own organization."

By becoming the main body of censors through the Code office, he suggested, they could no longer be attacked as "the enemies of morality. And they got the most powerful religious group in the country as an ally

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Scene from "THE PAWNBROKER": Legion of Decency rating 'C' (condemned). "They saw the startled pawnbroker tremble as the shock of her exposure broke through his painfully constructed protective wall."

instead of an enemy."

The producer, who has a Jewish background, pointed out that later, "Eric Johnston also was a good gentile front for the producers. You'll never find a Jew in that job because they feel they need a friend in the gentile court." With a rather grimly ironic smile, he commented that three years after the Code was adopted, "The Catholics showed their own face and became a militant group swinging the 'B' and 'C' label up and down the line."

The Legion not only advised Catholics to stay away from films, but exercised its influence as widely as possible to pressure theater owners not to show "C" films to the public. Theater managers bold enough to disregard the Legion often found Catholics extending their boycott of the theater beyond the run of the "C" film. In some cases, theaters were closed down and reopened only after a meeting of the minds between the theater managers and local Catholic officials. In 1947, Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, head of the Philadelphia Archdiocese, urged that the area's one million Catholics stay away from the downtown Fox Theater for "at least one year" because the theater refused to discontinue showing "Forever Amber." In 1952, a bishop in Harrisburg (Penn.) urged Catholics to boycott a theater permanently for showing the Italian film "Bitter Rice." Just last March, two priests who threatened to picket a movie house in San Luis Obispo, California, forced the withdrawal of four foreign films from a local film festival: the French "War of the Buttons," the Swedish "The Doll," the Danish "Weekend" and the Italian "Let's Talk About Women."

At the same time, many Catholics have become increasingly resentful about the "herd-like nature" of the pledge supporting the Legion that they are expected to take on Pledge Sunday in December, Msgr. Little admitted to me. He described the Pledge as "an act of Christian witness and solidarity that pinpoints in the field of entertainment one's general obligation to avoid evil and promote good." Pledge Sunday is also the occasion for "banal sermons and pulpit-pounding denunciations of "dirty movies," " John E. Fitzgerald wrote acidly in U.S. Catholic magazine recently.

Among other signs of growing reaction, Bishop Wright in Pittsburgh does not give the Pledge and Archbishop Dreaden of Detroit puts the Pledge in a bulletin but does not administer it verbally.

THE RESULT of past Catholic influence on films was caustically analyzed in 1961 by Moira Walsh, film critic for the Jesuit magazine, America. There was "an amorphous set of assumptions," she wrote, "apparently widely held in official American Catholic circles and articulated in the Catho-

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Scene from "GOLDFINGER": Legion of Decency rating 'A-3' (morally unobjectionable for adults).

lic press, which masqueraded under the heading of 'the Catholic position on literature in arts.' It was one of the cornerstones of this position that innocuousness was a virtue in itself . . . a position based on naked pragmatism . . . it is wise to overpraise innocuous films so that more people will attend them and Hollywood will make more of them."

In Hollywood, film makers had responded to these pressures with self-censorship aimed at what they could get past the Code office and with an eye to the Legion's rating. Long letters went back and forth between producers and the Legion in which ideas and sentences were bargained over in negotiating sessions that did less than justice to the Legion's aim of safeguarding morality.

The rating system itself operates in strange ways. A smutty picture might very well pull in the crowds, including Catholics, with a properly publicized "B" or "C" rating, but it could cause considerable financial damage to a family film. It did so with "Oklahoma." The producers expected an "A" rating (morally unobjectionable for all) but they had not reckoned on the Legion's objection to the dream sequence. In it, the heroine, dreaming that she is a gambling hall girl being pursued by Jud, runs up a staircase. When the Legion said it was implicit that she was running up to a brothel, the scenes were reshot to establish clearly that the area was a gambling hall. Despite the change, the Legion felt that since she was being pursued for lascivious purposes, the film could only receive a "B" rating.

The Legion revised its rating system after Francis Cardinal Spellman caused a national sensation in 1956 by denouncing "Baby Doll" from the pulpit and declaring that Catholics would be committing a sin if they saw the film. The "B" and "C" categories were augmented in 1957 and 1963 by new special classifications to avoid outright condemnation of movies such as "La Dolce Vita," "Lolita," "Anatomy of a Murder," "Advise and Consent" and "Martin Luther." A-I is morally unobjectionable for general patronage; A-II, morally unobjectionable for adults and adolescents; A-III, morally unobjectionable for adults; A-IV, morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations.

More significantly, last September, the Catholic Episcopal Committee for Motion Pictures, Radio and TV set up a National Center for Film Study in Chicago to serve as the educational arm of the Legion. A young priest, Father Ron Holloway, was assigned to develop pilot programs in seminary film education. I met him at the Film Censorship Conference in Chicago where he candidly admitted during a panel discussion that "we have cranks in our own business" and noted the problems that develop in trying to reconcile the viewpoints of "moral rearmament" types with those of people who have a sophisticated background of knowledge about

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films. Later, he showed his amusement at the surprise I expressed on seeing nuns at the Genet film. It was part of the training they were receiving, he explained, looking more like a battered halfback than either a priest or a film buff. He quietly remarked that Genet was not a "sensationalist" and that the film expressed "Genet's truth." "I'm not afraid of its effect on mature adults," he said, "although I don't think it should be made available to immature adults or adolescents. I would certainly show it in a classroom if necessary."

Father Holloway, whose favorite directors are Fellini, Antonioni and Bergman, is also responsible for the increasingly knowledgeable film reviews which appear in the new Catholic Film Newsletter, now issued biweekly alternating with the classification list. He personally thinks that the rating system encourages more bad movies than good ones, and favors a Code, "written or unwritten," to protect the young.

Some Catholics even foresee the day, perhaps within the next three years, when the Legion of Decency's name with all its connotations of rigidity and pressure, will be changed and parents, educated by instruction about films, trusted to be their own judges of the suitability of films for themselves and their children. "At present," one priest told me, "it has to be continued in order to overcome charges that we're abrogating our trust. We've got a position we've held for 30 years; we don't just say it's all wet."

The Catholic Film Newsletter of December 31, 1964, commented that unless the future priest is trained to understand the operations of the "extremely sophisticated" mass media, "he can be of little help to the millions of people who are being formed more profoundly by what they learn from the media than what they learn from the pulpit. It is a source of deep concern that the usual seminary contact with the motion picture is limited to the escape film of the Flipper and Flubber calibre, which are considered 'safe.' Unfortunately, an exclusive diet of such films is more than an insult to the intelligence and the stability of the seminarian – it is the cause of an ingrained inferior taste and appreciation of motion picture art."

At the same time, the Legion's annual report for 1964 cited "the substantial decrease in family films and the increase in objectionable fare," described as "moral brinkmanship." It deplored "the compounding of the trend by the double-billing of the few family films with adult or objectionable films, as well as the rejection of proposals for a voluntary classification system."

The film industry's attitude, the report declared, "reflects an avid desire for mass audiences and high profits, and a disregard for the spiritual and moral requirements of the spectators."

Even an atheist, searching for an honest film in what one director called the "age of evasion" might be tempted to say "amen."

BUT WHERE has the Motion Picture Production Code been all this time? The words have stayed virtually the same, while the music has been pitched to keep pace with "contemporary community standards." Even the United States Supreme Court has difficulty in figuring out that one, much less Geoffrey Shurlock who may seize on the sight of a bikini in the May store window as a sign that the time has come to include bikinis within the Code's flexible embrace.

There was a Code revision in 1956 to permit films to deal with dope addiction after Otto Preminger produced "The Man With the Golden Arm" and United Artists released it without a Code Seal. In taking this stand, United Artists left the MPAA and later returned to it. Another revision was made in 1961 to permit treatment of homosexuality. Years later, both Preminger's "The Moon Is Blue" and "The Man With the Golden Arm" received "Seals," enabling them to get wider distribution on reruns and on TV. "The Moon" is cited as the only condemned film that ever made a profit on its investment.

The 12-page, neatly-bound blue booklet, titled "The Motion Picture Production Code" is divided into two main sections: the Production Code's principles and specific applications.

It sets forth three general principles: 1) "No picture should be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil or sin." The latter are supposed to be shown only with "some compensating moral values." (Breen once defined these as "good character, the voice of morality, a lesson, regeneration of the transgressor, suffering and punishment.") It's a formula that puts a terrible burden of proof on a poor screen writer unversed in canon law. 2) "Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment shall be presented." 3) "Law – divine, natural or human – shall not be ridiculed nor shall sympathy be created for its violation."

The principle of natural law, the basis of Catholic theology and philosophy, is understood as a moral imperative: "the law which is written in the hearts of all mankind, the great underlying principles of right and justice dictated by conscience."

These principles are applied specifically to crime, brutality, sex ("The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld. No film shall infer that casual or promiscuous sex relationships are the accepted or common thing"); scenes of passion ("lustful and open-mouth kissing, lustful embrace, suggestive posture and gestures are not to be shown"); seduction or rape ("they are never acceptable subject matter for comedy"); the subjects of abortion, prostitution and sex hygiene are discouraged.

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A long list of vulgar expressions and words with double-meanings are forbidden. Other regulations govern obscenity, blasphemy, profanity, religion, bedroom scenes, hangings and electrocutions, drinking, surgical operations, third degree methods and the use of the flag. The use of words offensive to different nationalities is also regulated, as well as cruelty to animals.

"Art can be morally good," the Code reasons in one of its lengthy flights of philosophy, or "Art can be morally evil in its effects . . . It has often been argued that art in itself is unmoral, neither good nor bad. This is perhaps true of the thing that is music, painting, poetry, etc. But the thing is the product of some person's mind, and the intention of that mind was either good or bad morally when it produced the thing . . . Hence, motion pictures, which are the most popular of modern arts for the masses, have their moral quality from the intention of the minds which produce them and from their effects on the moral lives and reactions of their audiences. This gives them a most important morality."

All those intangible "things" envisioned by Mr. Quigley and Father Lord have collided head-on with some mighty tangible things: television and foreign films have cut sharply into United States film profits. It was simply a reflex action for producers to increase their pressures on Shurlock to relax Code standards. After all, they undoubtedly reasoned, he's *our* employee.

Once, irritated by some new demands, Shurlock asked a producer, "What do you think my job is?"

"All I want," came the answer, "is for you to operate so that when my picture is released it will have no difficulty with anyone, anywhere in the world."

I asked Shurlock how a movie like "Goldfinger" starring a classy cat named Pussy Galore manages to get a Code Seal. He said it opened in England at a preview attended by the Royal Family and the cream of British aristocracy. Shurlock checked with London and found that there had been no complaints there. If the British could take it, so could the United States, he reasoned: "It made the grade in a fantastic manner and it was filled with the damndest violence; there's no use pontificating about it. I was peppered with all kinds of phone calls here, saying, 'What's the matter with you people? Don't you know dirty talk any more?' Then the Legion of Decency gave it an A-3 rating and we jumped all over Msgr. Little. 'What are you doing, corrupting your own people?' we asked him. But I think we did right in not raising a stink about it."

Shurlock wouldn't discuss his inner debate about giving the Seal to "Kiss Me, Stupid." He finally did so, suspecting that it might be condemned by the Legion, despite that group's leniency with "Goldfinger." Industry figures speculated that he did it deliberately to bring on a confrontation with the Legion, but questions about this to Shurlock are only answered with a benign smile. The secrecy of the Code office's official dealings on specific motion pictures could serve as a model for the CIA.

Although Shurlock had unsuccessfully tried to have the Code revised and updated, nothing came of those efforts publicly until the enormous hue and cry that arose over "Kiss Me, Stupid" last December when the Legion zeroed in with its "C" blast. (From France, John Houseman, producer, director and writer, wrote that it looked like "an auto-da-fé performed in the marketplace as a horrid example . . . It seems like an enormous amount of artillery with which to blow up an outhouse.")

In New York, Martin Quigley, Jr., editor of Motion Picture Daily and son of the man who co-authored the Code, revealed that, contrary to public opinion, his father had for many years favored its revision. (The elder Quigley died last year.) "The Production Code Administration," Quigley wrote in December, "could be blown away by a gentle zephyr . . . Barring an unlikely marshalling of sincere support for the Production Code Administration from the majority of the pacemakers in the industry, the Code and the Code system are in their last days. Now is the time to ask the question: After the Code, what?"

In April, Quigley urged the Code's revision and wholehearted support for it from the MPAA and independent producers. That same week, Ralph Hetzel, acting head of the MPAA, since the death of Eric Johnston, announced that a new Code "more in line with present day thinking" would be enacted within three months. The report included speculation on some aspects of the Code that might be changed.

The story appeared at a time when the United States Supreme Court had ruled in Freedman vs. Maryland that state censorship of movies must be based on a guarantee of prompt judicial review of bans on films and it invalidated a Maryland law requiring all films to be submitted to a censor board before exhibition. The High Court reaffirmed that ruling, in finding the existing New York statute unconstitutional, on March 15. The New York State Court of Appeals followed that up in June with a decision that film censorship in New York violated the United States Constitution and was therefore null and void. It was the last in a series of rulings that had attacked the right of prior censorship of films. The first direct challenge had come from an independent distributor in the case of "The Miracle," an Italian film starring Anna Magnani as a simple peasant who was seduced by a stranger she believed to be St. Joseph and who concluded that her child was the result of a miraculous conception. The New York State Board of Regents had ruled that the film was "sacrilegious." The distributor appealed to the United States Supreme Court. In 1952, the Court ordered the film's reinstatement: "We have no doubt that moving pictures, like newspapers

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and radio, are included in the press whose freedom is guaranteed by the First Amendment."

Although the Supreme Court has not authorized any film classification system based on age, it hinted, in the Jacobellis vs. State of Ohio decision, in June, 1964, that it might consider film classification for children.

CLASSIFICATION is a word that throws fear into the hearts of major motion picture producers who have always been eager to preserve the largest possible market for all their films. They dread the possibility of compulsory and arbitrary classification boards subject to political and pressure group manipulation in 50 different states. They believe it would be as bad as 50 different censorship boards, but they also resist establishing the voluntary classification, supported by many independent producers, including Preminger and Stanley Kramer, and advocated also by the Legion of Decency.

It was against this background that Hetzel announced plans to revise the Code in the hope of warding off classification moves in the New York State legislature.

The story "boomeranged," Taylor Mills, publicity director for the MPAA, confessed. My attempts in New York to learn what specific changes were being considered, if any, were discouraged. On the surface, the "boomerang" appeared to consist of one editorial in the Mamaroneck Daily Times (circulation 9,180). The paper editorialized: "The Ten Commandments are a lot older and they are pretty restrictive too, but we have yet to see any inclination to discard them . . . The movie Code has served the industry and the public pretty well over the last three and one-half decades. It should be left alone."

As a result, the MPAA decided that industry executives, who are pathologically sensitive to the most minute pinpricks of criticism, should not answer any questions at this time about what they intend to do about the Code. Instead, I was handed a brief statement from Hetzel that the staff is "studying ways in which the production Code might be revised . . ." It reaffirmed the MPAA's "determination that the Code must continue to be effectively applied."

It seemed very much like a rerun of an old scene in 1954 when producers, including Sam Goldwyn, who had purchased the rights to "Tea and Sympathy," were crying for relaxation of the Code. That time a thundering denunciation and a call for a boycott came from Cardinal Ritter of St. Louis about the release of Howard Hughes' "The French Line" without the Breen office Seal. Members of the MPAA, one newspaper columnist reported, "were forced to meet in a solemn, hasty session and issue a statement to the effect that there would be absolutely no changes . . . Such official assurance was virtually forced by the resounding Legion of Decency protests."

In Hollywood, John Vizzard, Shurlock's chief deputy on the six-man staff, had told me that Shurlock is in the same position as Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick had been with the team owners "who demanded righteousness and did not empower him to carry out the rules. The team owners who are trying to define what kind of commissioner they want have their counterparts in the film industry. The remedy to our situation is not so much in trying to find a new Code but taking a new attitude toward the Code director. It's not in the Code, but the Code administrator that the remedy to the movie problem lies. You could have a perfect document which would mean nothing unless you enable the Code administrator to apply it properly."

"If you try to perfect the Code under pressure of fear of government censorship," Vizzard said, "you miss the main point of self-censorship in the entertainment business which is to keep the audience entertained and pleased. They won't be pleased if they keep being irritated by bad taste. If an administrator should become too messianic under this kind of an approach, he can always be bounced – although that should be said in a more elegant way. That would afford the American system of checks and balances. Once given such a safeguard, the industry has to be expected to make sacrifices to give up scenes they think are first class, but might end up alienating audiences."

Vizzard, a large, handsome, genial man, has been in the Code office for more than 20 years. Just before his scheduled ordination as a priest, at the age of 29, he decided to "come out into the world" instead.

He often serves as intermediary between the industry and the Legion of Decency. During his Hollywood years, he said, "My center of gravity about what's right and wrong stayed the same, but my sense of assessment about what's right and wrong has changed considerably."

THE DIFFICULTY and complexity of trying to juggle and regulate "the rights and wrongs" of sex and violence in films was illuminated during a lively luncheon discussion I had with Vizzard and Shurlock, that rare sort of chief who encourages spirited disagreement among his subordinates. Shurlock is most deeply concerned by the posible effect of filmed violence on youngsters, but he would also like some scientific answers to a corollary question: Can that violence also have a purgatory effect on aggressive impulses? On the other hand, Vizzard, who has teen-age children, is more fearful that highly erotic scenes will trigger off sexual activity among youngsters. My own feeling is that most American films today reflect and reinforce the hypocrisy and delusions of a society which rewards those who get ahead regardless of the cost to others. In an atmosphere where love and care for one's fellow human beings are considered silly,

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How's That Again?

Box Score on Mortal Sin

The table below is the product of a poll of Catholic officials concerning the binding moral force of Legion of Decency movie ratings on the individual Catholic. A RAMPARTS staff member asked the following question: **"I AM A CATHOLIC AND I WANT TO KNOW IF IT IS A MORTAL SIN TO SEE A MOVIE CONDEMNED BY THE LEGION OF DECENCY."** A stenographer took down their replies.

iocese	Answer	
rancisco ıer Hayburn)	**yes**	"It would be a mortal sin for you to attend a 'C' classified picture. You may apply to the bishop if you have a grave reason. If a fireman went into a house of prostitution to rescue a woman, this would be an example of a person doing an otherwise sinful act for a grave reason. You are never allowed, under pain of mortal sin, to see a 'C' picture out of curiosity or for entertainment."
delphia (A) r. Lynaugh)	**other**	"The sin depends upon you . . . The sin would depend upon your placing yourself in a situation of sin and putting yourself in the position of being seen going into such a movie."
delphia (B) ıer Welsh)	**yes**	"I think the general opinion is that it would be a mortal sin to go to see a condemned movie. Yes . . . The people who review films are the only ones I would offhand think have any material justification for going. Not a reviewer as such. Only a reviewer for the Legion of Decency."
York ncery Office stant)	**other**	"Depends on how it affected you . . . I advise you to discuss it with your confessor. He is more familiar with your confession and your personal self. He would be the only one to advise you outside yourself."
ıta ncery Office st)	**no**	"NO. No you would not. It would depend. These are only recommendations. These are not laws. If a movie is immoral and you see it, it is against the natural law. Leave it up to the individual if it is immoral."
ɔuis ncery Office stant)	**other**	"Speak to your parish priest about this matter."
as City, ɔuri her Hart)	**no**	"Well, you can't actually say a mortal sin. I think it is a matter between you and your pastor. Talk it over with your confessor. If you were taking a course and were told to see it, this would be OK, but I think it is something you should talk over with your spiritual director."
ınnati her Moeddel)	**yes**	"This is a pretty difficult problem. I would say that if a film is completely objectionable for all, that this would be a pretty good criterion; that this would be an occasion of sin for everyone . . . When we take the pledge all we do is say we are going to follow the suggestions and recommendations of the Legion of Decency, which we really, in conscience, have to do anyway."
and her Crespin)	**other**	"Take that up with the priest in confession. I couldn't say definitely one way or the other. Someone who knew you well would have to answer this. Generally speaking, I would advise against it, but there might be some case where it might be possible."

TOTALS ☞

NO	**2**
YES	**3**
OTHER	**4**

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softheaded or subversive, how can the sexual expression of love become anything but one further exercise in self-gratification? It's not surprising that there is so much that is "safely salacious" in films, so much sniggering about sex and so little evidence of sexual maturity. If we can't cope with the violence of some "upholders of the law" in the South, if we can't find a way to solve the problems of Vietnam without violence, how can Hollywood be expected to know how to cope with violence?

Luther Davis, who wrote and produced "Lady in a Cage," is convinced that "violence is the central issue of our time." "The sin of violence on the screen," he told me, "is censored violence, the violence in good taste is the violence that makes violence seem possible. The minute a fight starts, they pull back for a long shot, a tiny bit of ketchup on the pinkie. What they don't show are the broken jaws and the gouged eyes. If we did see these things, we might begin to learn the truth about violence."

Davis said he believes that "the most immoral thing is not mentioned in the Code. Nobody ever says, 'Tell the truth.' They're astonished when you even imply the truth. 'Make 'em happy.' Well, why make 'em happy? What we're really stuck with is self-censorship and that's why there's no thought in movies. It's hard enough to write something good without balancing on a tightrope, waving to Preminger on the one hand and Shurlock on the other and trying to get Natalie Wood's clothes off in a 'decent' way."

Robert Vogel, the censor at MGM, a lawyer and one-time newspaperman, believes there should be a code "because people can't edit their own copy." However, the real nature of the editing problem became evident when a telephone call interrupted our conversation. No, he told the caller, he did not care to discuss the problem with Msgr. Devlin, the Los Angeles representative of the Legion of Decency. "I'd rather talk it over with Vizzard or go directly to the Legion of Decency and see Msgr. Little. If there's any problem, Msgr. Devlin immediately says 'no' because all he wants to do is avoid trouble."

Resuming our conversation, Vogel said the new Code should be rewritten from the beginning because "in some ways it's amateurish and archaic. But it should embody general elements in the old Code with respect to the dignity of man and the avoidance of showing harmful acts in such a way as to create sympathetic interest in them. The Code shouldn't degenerate into silly specific words and acts. If we had such a Code, we would never have to modernize or amend it."

Hollywood writers have always been confused by interpretations of the Code. John Michael Hayes, a vice president of Joseph Levine's Embassy Pictures, also wrote the screenplays for "Peyton Place," "Butterfield 8," "The Carpetbaggers" and Embassy's "Harlow."

"Code censorship is continually baffling to me," he told me. "I always seem to have some line troubles. They object to lines that I think are totally innocent or pass a line that might really be objectionable. I don't know what they're looking for."

He cited two examples from "Harlow" of lines that had to be changed when the script came back from the Code office. In one, Harlow lifts her skirt for newspaper photographers and asks, "High enough?" The photographer originally responded, as newspaper photographers are wont to do, "Never!" That line had to be changed to "great!"

In another scene, Harlow is making a personal appearance and tries to thank the audience. "You've been so wonderful. I don't know where to begin," she says. A man in the audience yells, "Start at the top button, honey, and work down!" The Code office suggested that the line read, "Start at the top, honey." Period.

Hayes said, "I'm not advocating dirty movies, but we use dirty suggestions now. Why can't we be forthright?"

Until the Code is changed, Shurlock felt that he had to deny a Seal to "The Pawnbroker" and uphold one of the last provisions that has not been adulterated: the rule against nudity – "Complete nudity, in fact or in silhouette, is never permitted, nor shall there be any licentious notice by characters in the film of suggested nudity. Indecent or undue exposure is forbidden. The foregoing shall not be interpreted to exclude actual scenes photographed in a foreign land of the natives of that land . . ."

When the 16 men who comprised the Production Code Review Board met to consider "The Pawnbroker" appeal, the dice were loaded against its success. The discussion divided along three lines. The majority felt that the Seal should be withheld or else the way would be opened for more flagrant and uncontrollable nudity. The smallest group thought the picture had artistic merit and that the nudity was tastefully handled. They felt that it was time for recognition that the Code was archaic and believed that Shurlock should be overruled and the Seal given to the film as they had viewed it. The third group agreed that it had great merit but thought that there was more nudity than was dramatically necessary. They argued that if some of the nude shots were trimmed, the Seal should be granted but only as an exemption to the Code.

The eloquence of a witty maverick film maker carried the day for the third point of view:

"My point at the hearing," Joseph L. Mankiewicz told me, "was that if you give this decision back to Shurlock to make, you're destroying him and establishing a precedent, and every cheap, tin-horn producer out to make a cheap buck will use it."

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One of the men at the hearing was stunned at the implication that a special appeals board should decide every future question of nudity. "My God," he wondered aloud, "are we going to have to sit and watch all of those?"

"Yes, if necessary," Mankiewicz responded, not without mischievous pleasure at the thought.

The writer-director who won four Academy Awards in two years, for "Letter to Three Wives" and "All About Eve," discussed the session with me at his Pound Ridge (N.Y.) home. From the restful ponds, graced by weeping willow trees to the quiet comfort of the book-lined living room, it is a place far removed in taste and spirit from what Mankiewicz once called "the ivory ghetto" of Hollywood.

"Here was a group of company presidents and major exhibitors," he said, "men dedicated to the concept of film as a product, a product in the crassest definition – trunks, say, or chairs. They believe that how they paint their product is their business. The 'industry' concept of the American film – a concept that could not and did not succeed.

"Film making is *not* an industry. It is an individual creative effort just as a book is. And like it or not, the same standards of censorship must apply to film as to the novel or play. There are two great dissenters to that point of view, the professional censor and the manufacturer of film 'product.' The makers of films are caught in the middle."

The film at issue during the hearing, he said, "was not any one of the blockbuster dirty pictures made by a major company for tremendous profits. The film at issue was made by a small independent with no public stockholders. Thus, there was at hand a golden opportunity to demonstrate that the morality of the motion picture 'industry' unquote, was a shining and untarnished force for the public good. By beating the brains out of one independent producer who couldn't matter less, they would stand shoulder to shoulder with the church and parent groups as they stamped out sin. And then continue with the five or six or ten versions of 'Harlow' or similar spiritually uplifting projects they were contemplating.

"One exhibitor vowed that he would not and could not show the picture; that his patrons would rebel. 'We've got to take a stand somewhere!' I suggested that he name his ten biggest grossers in the last four years, and that I would show at least six of them to be shot through with violations of the Code.

"What the exhibitors and manufacturers want more than anything else," Mankiewicz said, "is for people to believe that they are on the side of morality, that somehow those same writers and directors who used to sneak 'Communist plots' into pictures are now sneaking naked tits into pictures. They want people to understand that they too are fathers – that therefore, it is inconceivable they would appeal to adolescent pruriency simply to make a buck."

An organization, he said, that would condemn "The Pawnbroker" rather than "The Carpetbaggers" "cannot expect its standards or reasons for its decisions to be taken seriously by adults.

"There is no doubt," Mankiewicz continued, "that films have been getting consciously dirtier, plays have been getting consciously dirtier, books have been getting consciously dirtier. But how do you filter the clear, pure water of honest expression from the scum that gets into it? You can't shut off one without shutting off the other.

"I don't see how there can be a Code because I don't see how it can be enforced. Let's say the Code says all stories of incest are banned. And a Fellini or a Cacoyannis wants to do 'Oedipus Rex.' He should, of course. But I'll be damned if that should set a precedent for a wave of quickie, tasteless tantalizers called 'My Son, My Lover' or 'Daddy Does it Best.'

"No, a Code is impossible to maintain or to write – over and beyond the fact that it's unconstitutional, immoral and a danger to our entire social structure. One cannot legislate taste and intent – and therein lies the rub."

Paul Lazarus, a co-producer of "The Pawnbroker" predicted that the MPAA decision on that film would be a landmark in the history of motion pictures and open the Code up for more flexibility and growth. A "second generation film man" who has been in film distribution and merchandising since 1933, he said that many exhibitors who have never shown a "C" film will run "The Pawnbroker" despite its rating.

The film, which was selected to represent the United States at the Berlin Film Festival, and won the best actor award for Rod Steiger, represented a personal triumph for co-producer Roger Lewis. Lewis, who had been a United Artists Vice President in charge of advertising and public relations for many years, read Edward Wallant's novel and was caught up in what it had to say. He took an option on the book and decided to risk his future as an independent producer with it. For four years he was unsuccessful. Every major company turned the project down. Eventually, Landau who had made his mark in New York producing some controversial, adult plays on TV's "Play of the Week," financed it independently and made a deal with Allied Artists to distribute it.

Lazarus said that exhibitors he had spoken with believed that the film should not have been condemned. One Philadelphia exhibitor who has never shown a "C" film said he would book it and run ads on it in his trade paper. Circuits like RKO would not normally show a "C" film, but are presenting "The Pawnbroker" in their theaters in New York and California.

"The Legion's position, with us," Lazarus said, "was

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that it was the last 'bastion for decency' on the screen. We went around the barn 87 different times and they said they would have done those scenes with reverse shots.

"This is an old problem with the Legion. In 'Lady of Burlesque' Barbara Stanwyck played a stripper. There was one sequence where the Legion insisted the nipples could be seen. One of the great censorship stories at Columbia involved a film with Jack Lemmon and Betty Grable. In one scene, he only had a single pair of pajamas; she wore the tops and he wore the bottoms. The Legion wanted the scene cut out because it would create a whole new area of exposure. But there was no exposure. Columbia kept it in and battled out a 'B' rating."

Lazarus said he thought the time had come to update the Code. "I'm on record in favor of classification. I think there are pictures children should not be exposed to, but I don't think all pictures should be made at a level suitable for children. Only in this way will we have the opportunity to build a mature screen. If everything has to be done at the lowest common denominator, we wind up with the 'Three Stooges' and 'Frankenstein.' The classification of films should be done by a board representing the producers, distributors and exhibitors."

EPHRAIM LONDON, the New York attorney who has been a "David always fighting Goliath" since he first won the "Miracle" case, is considered the nation's foremost authority on film censorship. He also handled the successful appeal on "The Pawnbroker."

"The Legion thinks nothing of approving a picture where every part of the human body is revealed through clinging or wet dresses," he commented, "but let a woman's breasts be exposed and it becomes something different.

"The Legion's actions lend credence to the rumors that they will sometimes compromise where sufficient contributions are made to the Church. If these rumors are true, it is not different from the sale of indulgences and they should have learned from Martin Luther that it might not be the wisest course to follow. I feel that the Church as represented by the Legion has reached the point where religious substance is no longer the essential issue; the essential issue is whether or not they are going to adhere to a rule that there is something morally dangerous and indecent in the human body.

" 'The Pawnbroker' is the one genuinely honest religious film I have seen this year. The theme is the real moral issue of today – as we saw it in the Kitty Genovese case where 37 witnesses absolutely refused to become involved . . . to prevent a murder. This unquestionably is our moral problem today. But the Legion of Decency says, 'No, we'll ignore this and ignore the question of dramatic necessity and say we thought it should be done another way.' As if Msgr. Little is competent to tell any director what to do."

When the Journal of the Screen Producers Guild ran an issue recently on the "Production Code . . . Should it be Abolished?" Msgr. Little politely declined to contribute his opinions. In New York, however, he declared emphatically that the "present Code should be tightened, not loosened." A Code which merely establishes some criteria for 'good taste' in films would be "too flexible, too fluid, too subjective."

Msgr. Little said that the "good taste" in the use of nudity in "The Pawnbroker" was open to question, and he had expressed that opinion to Ely Landau, co-producer of the film.

"Many things that are in good taste in Europe are not in good taste here," Msgr. Little pointed out, "such as open air urinals in Italy." He still recalls the shock he felt as a young man attending the North American college in Rome when he first saw those urinals.

Msgr. Little said they had asked Landau why the prostitute could not have been presented with her back to the viewer. He responded that the producers fully supported the decision of director Sidney Lumet who believed the nude sequences were essential to establish the full shock and horror of that association for the pawnbroker.

"I said to Mr. Landau, 'If you are preaching that this is dramatically integral to the story, how do you justify the scene with the simulated act of intercourse between the prostitute and her boy friend?' Mr. Landau's answer was, 'You are just questioning my integrity.' "

Nudity would have been "more – or just as – valid" in "The Collector," Msgr. Little said. That film was given an A-4 rating before it was even acted upon by the Code office. William Wyler, its director, didn't use complete nudity, he used "discretion."

Although the ad campaign for the first run showings of "The Pawnbroker" is not sensational, Msgr. Little continued, "I have prognosticated that it will change. Let's wait and see how the picture is exploited when the do-re-mi doesn't come in. Let's see how it's sold then." The decision on "The Pawnbroker" should not be construed as saying that a woman's body is obscene. "Her breasts are just as precious as the eyes if not more so because they feed the human person. If you see a picture of St. Agatha, you see the breast exposed, cut off in her martyrdom."

But, he added, "All over the world women's breasts are considered stimulating sexually. Even Sweden doesn't allow the topless bathing suit. We're talking about the protection of the masses. A constant exposure to immoral and indecent films can be corruptive of our Judaic-Christian morality."

Since the Legion was formed to examine and encourage moral content in films, I asked how he could justify the "C" rating for "The Pawnbroker," which says that

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men are responsible for each other. How could this position be defended at a time when "The Deputy" had stirred Catholics and non-Catholics into searching their souls on the subject of silence in the face of injustice?

Msgr. Little called for the text of the Legion's statement and read it aloud to me. When I repeated the question, he said that the stand had been taken "for the greater good. It was a mild statement we issued. The film was unacceptable solely because of the nudity. We know at least 20 or 25 pictures with nudity in them; it's the Playboy business in films. It can become insurmountable. This had to be done for the common good, for the good of society and the industry. It's like a wife who can take a drink, but the husband is a drunkard. She might give up drinking for the greater good of the husband."

When I tried again for a response relating to the moral questions raised by the film, Msgr. Little asked, "Are you by any chance an agent for Ely Landau?" I couldn't tell if he was serious.

Turning to a general discussion of the Legion, Msgr. Little said blandly, "We have no right to foist a Catholic philosophy on a pluralistic society. That's why we're not situated in Hollywood. Then we might be accused of interfering with production." With his round, ruddy face and hearty Rotarian manner, he could very well be type-cast for the Hollywood role of the cheerful parish priest.

"The Code sometimes uses us as a stick," he said. "They'll say, 'Gee, you'll have trouble with the Legion if you put that nude in.' We don't read scripts but see the pictures after they are finished. Sometimes a company may show us a film a long time in advance. If it's a hot potato, they may ask us what we think. Sometimes they want to get a better rating. It could be a family picture, but may contain something of interest to the boys in the front row. An adult situation may preclude an A-1 rating.

"In its original form, 'The Carpetbaggers' would have been condemned. Did we say, 'You can't make the picture?' No, they came to us and asked, 'What do you think is objectionable?' They didn't want a 'C' rating, so there was a compromise for pragmatic reasons. The exhibitors want to keep in our good graces."

The women of the Catholic Alumnae and other lay people review the films and make recommendations, but the final decision on ratings is made by Msgr. Little and his aide, the Rev. Patrick J. Sullivan. The Legion is "run democratically," Msgr. Little said, "but I have to be Mr. Solomon."

As far as his own film preferences are concerned, Msgr. Little objects to the "indiscriminate use of symbolism" as exemplified in Antonioni's "Red Desert," which got an A-4 rating. He mentioned "a bird alighting on a tree," "a flower floating down the water" as a few of a "couple hundred symbols – you have to figure out a jigsaw puzzle. That's not going to a movie to me. I think a motion picture should be explicated. Please quote me correctly. I'm not saying a picture should be didactic and present a moral. I think a picture that uses a multiplicity of symbols creates confusion and you leave the film so that no one, but no one, knows what it's all about. 'Last Year at Marienbad' got nowhere. 'Hiroshima, Mon Amour' was good because it was at least somewhat explicative. I agree that Fellini and Antonioni are good directors. I'm not questioning their integrity, but I believe they have an obligation to be *explicit*."

There has been a revolution in the Legion within the last few years, Msgr. Little pointed out. More and more films go into an A-4 rating. "We've accepted the maturation of the Catholic people. In 1934, how many Catholic college graduates were there? Now there are 15 to 20 times more. And they've also matured morally. These films would not have the same impact on their moral or social life. So we give them a 'Tom Jones,' 'Suddenly Last Summer,' a 'Yellow Rolls Royce.' "

"Wouldn't they go to see them anyway?"

"Some would," he answered, "but I think the great majority of our Catholic people avoid them. If not, why would producers want to avoid a 'C' rating?"

The bitterness in Hollywood about the Legion's rating system and all that it implies was expressed forcefully by a man who has been in the top rank of film makers for more than 30 years.

"I don't care if the Legion of Decency makes it a sin for Catholics to see my films," he said, "but it has no right to prevent others from seeing them and boycotting the theaters. Their dogma is not the world's dogma and yet, they have the temerity to proclaim themselves responsible for the morality of mankind."

This prize-winning writer and director spoke frankly to me about the Legion and with clear contempt for the lack of courage among movieland moguls.

"One reason the producers are frantic about the Code and don't know how to revise it is because, if the Code ever goes entirely, it will put Msgr. Little and his little ladies in complete charge of the battlefield," he said. "Does the Legion of Decency have a code it is willing to publish for film creators of the world to look at and be guided by? Some of their decisions are pretty whimsical."

The Legion's actions are in restraint of trade, he declared. "But where has there been an exhibitor or a great producer, all so quick to fight for what is right, to sue the Catholic Church in restraint of trade?"

It was a reminder of the reality known as Hollywood and a final irony, that this devastating challenge was not for attribution.

JUDY STONE, *a* RAMPARTS *staff writer, is editor of the daily drama, music and art section of the San Francisco Chronicle.*

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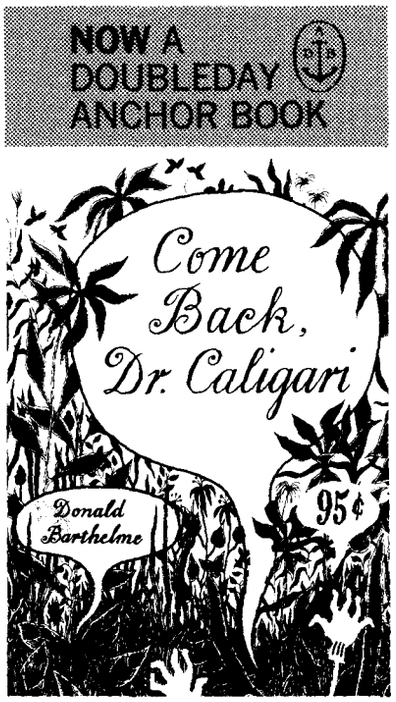
REVIEWS

Southwest Freedom Writer

I WRITE FOR FREEDOM by Thomas M. Storke. Santa Barbara: News-Press Publishing Company. 168 pp. $3.95.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. RIVERS, *Professor of Journalism at Stanford University.*

Thinking with stereotypes is so easy that few exercises of the imagination are less strenuous than visualizing a newspaper publisher. He heads one of the community's leading businesses and associates with the wealthy and wellborn. Ergo, he will take on the Republican color of his environment and commit himself to the restoration of William McKinley.



The trouble is that men like Thomas M. Storke shatter the stereotype. Until recently, publisher of the Santa Barbara *News-Press*, which nestles uneasily in California's John Birch Belt, Storke is a Democrat to the bone – so far from allowing his environment to color his convictions that he won a Pulitzer Prize for vigorously condemning the Birchers of Santa Barbara.

The story of Storke's war with the John Birch Society is an absorbing section of his autobiography, *I Write for Freedom.* In the news columns of his paper, he relates, reporter Hans Engh told the Birch story "almost entirely in the words of the Society, its founder, some of its local members and its literature." This brought cries of "Smear!" whereupon Storke, then 85 years old, launched the first editorial attack Robert Welch and his followers experienced:

The News-Press condemns the destructive campaign of hate and vilification that the John Birch Society is waging against national leaders who deserve our respect and confidence.

How can anyone follow a leader absurd enough to call former President Eisenhower "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy?" Those are the words of the national leader of the John Birch Society, Robert Welch, in a manuscript entitled "The Politician," of which photostatic copies are available.

The News-Press condemns the dictatorial, undemocratic structure of the society.

The News-Press condemns the tactics that have brought anonymous phone calls of denunciation to Santa Barbarans in recent weeks from members of the John Birch Society or their sympathizers. Among victims of such cowardly diatribes have been educational leaders, including faculty members of the University of California at Santa Barbara, and even Ministers of the Gospel.

The News-Press condemns the pressures on wealthy residents, who fear and abhor communism, to contribute money to an organization whose leader has said "for reasons you will understand, there can be no accounting of funds."

Storke challenged the leaders, "Come up from underground!" He

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called them "totalitarians" and invited them to sue: "The News-Press would welcome a suit as a means of shedding more light on the John Birch Society."

But the light Storke was then shining on them sent the local Birchers burrowing deeper. Patient digging by News-Press reporters later revealed that, far from being dormant, the Society was setting up a front known as the Freedom Club on California Campuses. The News-Press unearthed a report by one campus leader: "It was decided to soft-pedal the societies (sic) activities and concentrate on the Freedom Club." Without revealing their Birch Society connection, Freedom Clubbers were mailing invitations to high school juniors and seniors. Storke attacked again, and was able to report in his book that "nothing more has been heard of the Freedom Club or campus Birch unit. Exposure was all that was needed."

Storke's account of this crusade – which ends, "I have learned that you can't kill a rat with a feather duster" – epitomizes this clear, vigorous chronicle. It is very much a no-nonsense newspaperman's book. Declarative sentences march precisely along, their meaning as clear to the reader as to the writer. If one wishes that the author had done more to envelop the reader in the atmosphere of earlier times and flesh out his story with more detail, it is nonetheless true that he covers at some length the most provocative events that have informed an eventful and useful life.

Events of the first importance resulted in Storke's becoming a newspaper publisher. Although he modestly ignores the opportunity to draw the obvious conclusion that Santa Barbara was once a classic community, with the only strong newspapers in the hands of those at the apex of the power structure, without Storke the local marketplace of ideas would have been woefully restricted. The story of his success is also classic: a plain man with an overpowering desire, little influence, and less money triumphs in the end. It is almost Alger's "Pluck and Luck" come to life – except that for a long period Storke's luck was bad.

Never the detached observer, Storke has been personally and powerfully involved in Democratic politics for decades. (He is not doctrinaire. His News-Press supported more Republican than Democratic candidates for California governor.) The author's story of the 1932 Democratic National Convention is especially appealing, and it demands the attention of historians. After the third ballot, with Franklin Roosevelt still 87 votes short of the nomination, James Farley argued to Storke and another Californian that Roosevelt was through unless California switched from John Garner to Roosevelt on the next ballot; "the interests" were behind Newton D. Baker, and a break for Baker was sure to come. Storke helped persuade William Gibbs McAdoo, the most influential California delegate, to caucus the delegation and push for Roosevelt. No decision was made, but when "California" was called, McAdoo marched to the rostrum to "explain" his state's vote. He announced that all 44 California votes were for Roosevelt. State after state followed in California's wake, and Roosevelt was nominated.

Years later, when the exhausted McAdoo retired from the Senate, Storke himself was appointed to fill out the unexpired term. The few pages devoted to this period in Washington reveal that Storke has an unusual talent for the apt anecdote. An incident involving Interior Secretary Harold Ickes points up the frustrations of the temporary Senator and makes it clear that Storke is never so dignified that he cannot laugh at himself.

All in all, this book may be some-

Robert Penn Warren

records the heartbeat of a revolution

From hundreds of interviews with men like Martin Luther King, James Farmer, and Roy Wilkins, as well as with the young, emerging Negro leaders of tomorrow — and from a search of his own conscience — Robert Penn Warren, a Pulitzer Prize novelist and a Southerner, makes this extraordinary personal report on all the important Negro figures in today's civil rights struggle: what they want, what they stand for, what they are.

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thing less than another journalist's story with which it invites comparison, *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*—that stunning evocation of a man and an age—but it implies more. Written when Storke was well into his 80s, *I Write for Freedom* has a breadth of attitude and an openness of mind characteristic of youth. One wishes that some of the great old men who have allowed their convictions to narrow and turn inward with advancing age would read this book and resolve to prevent their views from becoming as constricted as their arteries.

Edwardian Smoke Screen

EDWARDIAN ENGLAND 1901-1914. Edited by Simon Nowell-Smith. London: Oxford University Press. 619 pp. $15.

Reviewed by ROBERT TRACY *of the Department of English, University of California at Berkeley.*

In 1908 the publisher John Murray was awarded a substantial sum in damages after the London Times had printed letters accusing him of "simple extortion" for selling a three volume edition of *The Letters of Queen Victoria* at a guinea a volume. In light of this fact, which is casually mentioned in *Edwardian England*, it is perhaps wiser not to say anything at all about the price which the Oxford Press is asking for this handsome example of bookmaking. But $15 *is* a good deal of money, and so expensive a book deserves to be examined very closely in order to discover whether or not it is worth the price. Is it well done is a relevant question, and ought it to have been done at all is another.

Edwardian England 1901-1914 is a collection of essays dealing with various departments of human endeavor during the brief and happy reign of Edward VII (1901-1910), "the first amiable king since Charles II," known variously to his subjects as "Tum-Tum," "Edward the Peacemaker," and "good old Teddy," and to his nephew the Kaiser as "Edward the Devil." There is no doubt that Edward reflected his era, as his mother did hers, and all these epithets have a good deal of truth in them—even the Kaiser's, for Wilhelm saw his uncle's affability as part of a Satanic plot against Germany. The age was comfortable, ample, lavish, orderly. In retrospect it has a kind of glow about it, western Europe's long golden afternoon, earth's last best time of peace, prosperity, and highly ornamental privilege. This volume is an elaborate celebration of that age, in 15 essays which deal with the King (Roger Fulford), the Political Scene (Asa Briggs, a crisp and well-organized analysis), the Economy (Arthur J. Taylor), Domestic Life (by Marghanita Laski, and by far the most interesting; she manages to combine statistics and the occasional odd but revealing fact—for example, in certain stately homes the newspapers were ironed each morning before the master saw them, while the mistress' coin-purse was emptied and its contents washed—to give us an unsentimental picture of ordinary life), Science (A.R. Ubbelohde), Thought (Anthony Quinton), Reading (Derek Hudson), Art (John Russell), Architecture (John Betjeman), Theatre (W. Bridges-Adams), Music (Frank Howes), Sport (John Arlott), the Royal Navy (P.K. Kemp), the Army (Cyril Falls), and Country Childhood (Edmund Blunden).

Apparently a very full coverage of the salient features of any age, you will say, and the names of the contributors promise a more than adequate discussion of the important developments in a brief 14 years (by common consent the Edwardian age ends with the outbreak of World War I, when George V had been on the throne for four years). The coverage is full, and the names of the contributors are promising, but a nagging problem remains, or rather two problems. First of all, it is difficult, if not impossible, to define the Edwardian age, that is, to find any distinct development in English life which is unique to the period 1901-1914 and represents a sharp break with the last years of the Victorian period. The passing of the old Queen and the old century together give an illusion of startling change, but it is only an illusion. And secondly, two wars and a good deal of sentimentality make it difficult for us to confront the Edwardian age directly. Even our rebellious playwrights look back to it with nostalgia—Brendan Behan's Mounseer and John Osborne's Colonel Redfern both speak movingly of the captains and the kings who then walked the earth unchallenged.

We are in the area of psychic research, looking for an age that may not have existed, and which is hidden from us by our own eagerness to see it only through clouds of nostalgia. We have imagined the Edwardian period into our century's reign of Saturn, and as such it defies definition or analysis. Instead we have a few Arcadian pictures of lawn parties attended by ladies costumed lavishly by Cecil Beaton, by gentlemen dressed in an ampler version of the Beatle uniform. Some historian of manners should explain this sudden popularity of certain aspects of the Edwardian era so long after its demise. Clearly the coming of the first World War has turned all that went before into a golden age, but why have we imagined that age so narrowly? Why does Vic-

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torian England not arouse quite the same kind of nostalgia? When and why did we specify this precise notion of the golden age? I can suggest a few answers, but they are not very satisfactory ones. The Edwardian age was at the very end of the long era of peace which began in 1815, and so it is the most accessible to us. There are few Victorians left to entertain us with their memories, but there are still some Edwardians around (though no one seems to have thought of collecting *their* impressions for this book); their appearance as survivors from the dear dead past is even plausible in modern dramas, though both Behan and Osborne had to arrange for their Edwardian spokesmen to sit out the years since 1914 and thus retain their innocent attitudes. Then too, it is a human tendency to deplore the age of one's parents and revere instead the less threatening age of grandparents. The Victorian era does not attract us because the presiding figure, the Queen herself, suggests a time of rigidly controlled propriety where our post-Freudian generation cannot feel welcome, but King Edward is remembered, as Joyce's Mr. Henchy describes him, in "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," "just an ordinary knockabout like you and me . . . fond of his glass of grog and . . . a bit of a rake, perhaps, and . . . a good sportsman," while his age retains a reputation for pleasantly discreet wickedness. There is an inhibition in that we now know a great deal about the problems of the Victorians and their failures, but the Edwardian problems were all solved and the failures all erased by the Great War. The age seems in stasis calm, happy and successful until overwhelmed by a sudden and undeserved calamity from outside. Like Pompeii, Edwardian England never grew old and worn, but just stopped with almost everything intact. It is not surprising that Walter Lord insists on making the abrupt and unforseen sinking of the Titanic a kind of image for the disappearance of the Edwardian order. Our Edwardian myth seems to be based on the sudden and unexpected disappearance of the Edwardian age, overwhelmed like Atlantis in a night, rather than on the day to day existence of Edwardian society. We are reacting to an evaporation rather than to a presence, and I suppose that it is proper that there should be a certain insubstantiality about the whole business.

The uncertainty which most of the contributors to this book reveal when they try to define even the chronological limits of Edwardian England raises an even more basic question: did the Edwardian age exist at all? King Edward unquestionably lived and reigned, but did anything really change when Queen Victoria died in January, 1901? Does the phrase *Edwardian age* have any real meaning in terms of particular attitudes or habits of thought, or in terms of important developments in art, architecture, science, industry, literature, ideas? Can it be intellectually and artistically separated from the last two decades of Queen Victoria's reign, or was the period 1880-1914 pretty much all of a piece with a special and continuing note of its own, typically expressed in the Queen's Golden and Diamond Jubilees, Sargent's portraits, the *Yellow Book*, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," the buildings of Norman Shaw, the stately facades of Kingsway? We can perhaps think of the entire 30-year period as the Imperial age, for the Imperial theme occupied politicians and art-literary establishment of the day celebrated power and dominion, and even those writers who rebelled against the theme and its implications were compelled to define themselves in some relation to it—Yeats and the Irish writers in Celtic nationalism, Forster and Hardy in a kind of "Little Englander" attitude along with Chesterton and Housman. For Kipling, Masefield, Henley, Sir Henry Newbolt ("Drake's Drum"), and the Hardy of *The Dynasts* the imperial theme was a congenial one. Even the imagery of some poets was affected: in *Reunited* Sir Gilbert Parker sees "the tall subaltern Life to Death/Yield up his sword," while Stevenson found in a tropical forest "The Caesars of the sylvan field,/Unused to fail, foredoomed to yield" and pictured the orchid in an imperial context as it strangled other plants which died "Dumb as by yellow Hooghly's side/The suffocating captives." Oscar Wilde was perhaps most incisive about the trend ("As one turns over the pages of . . . *Plain Tales from the Hills*," he wrote, paraphrasing Lamb, "one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity."), while Saki's Clovis was most sedulous in catching the popular tone as he tried to concoct a Recessional for the Imperial Durbar of 1911:

Back to their homes in Himalayan heights
The stale pale elephants of Cutch Behar
Roll like great galleons on a tideless sea . . .
("stale and pale" Clovis explained, "after the late hours and the excitement")
The amber dawn-drenched East with sun-shafts kissed,
Stained sanguine apricot and amethyst,
O'er the washed emerald of the mango groves

Now — the spiritual testament of
Teilhard de Chardin's
formative years
The Making of a Mind
LETTERS FROM A SOLDIER-PRIEST
(1914-1919)
To be published October 6
$5.00 HARPER

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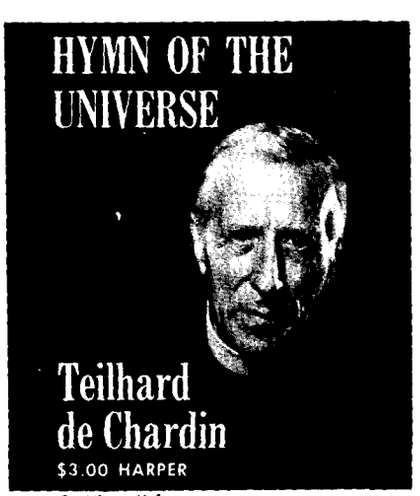
Hangs in a mist of opalescent mauves . . .

He is within hail of the Poet Laureate's *Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII* ten years earlier:

How many people crown thee, who shall say?
Time, and the Ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay,
And round the streaming of whose raiment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray.
For waters have connived at our designs,
And winds have plotted with us —and behold,
Kingdom in kingdom, sway in oversway,
Dominion fold in fold . . .
So great we are, and old.

The tone is unpleasant, but not distinctive. The grandiose language and the grandiose ideas alike had been popular since the eighties.

Even King Edward himself, after all, was really a Victorian, born in 1841 and almost 60 when he came at last to the throne. His apparent differences from his predecessor were simply variations on the Victorian theory of the monarchy, which held that the ruler should reflect rather than lead his countrymen. It is true that King Edward enjoyed the ceremonies which the old Queen had avoided, and that he was fond of society where she had been almost a recluse. The name of his Derby winner of 1900, Diamond Jubilee, suggests a mixed attitude towards the cult which had grown up around his mother. But his habits of thought, such as they were, were Victorian habits, and society changed very little at his accession. Max Beerbohm caught the truth neatly in a cartoon in which the Victorian age, personified as a large bearded man, frock-coated, with a big stickpin, a black cigar, a glossy top hat, imagines the future—as a larger man with a fuller beard, a more ample frock-coat, a bigger stickpin, a blacker cigar, a glossier topper. The Edwardian age was the Victorian age writ large and firm, until 1914 put an end to a century rather than a decade.



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To define the age in terms limited to itself is thus invalid. If King Edward was a Victorian, so were most of the artists, writers, and public men who flourished in his reign, and so were the various intellectual and social movements of his day. Because of this, most of the contributors to this book have been set an impossible task. That they have carried it out as well as can be expected does not conceal the fact that they are working in a kind of void. Only in the essays devoted to the Army and to the Royal Navy is there a record of activities that had little to do with the Victorian past, of developments that can be called distinctively Edwardian. The British Army had been shocked out of its illusions of placid omnipotence by the Boer War; the Navy felt the same kind of shock when the German shipbuilding programs of 1900 and 1905 were announced. Both institutions thus underwent an experience analogous to that which society in general was to undergo during the War; Haldane (b. 1856) at the War Office and Fisher (b. 1841) at the Admiralty were bureaucratic soldiers of the modern type who were ahead of their time in that they thought in terms of a general European war, and the Army and Navy had a sense of doom that is alien to the period, or at least to our concept of it.

In one other section, W. Bridges-Adam's essay on the theatre, there is some evidence that we can speak of a distinctively Edwardian period, dominated by Poel, Granville-Barker, and Shaw. The coming of Ibsen in the eighties had urged the theatre into areas of social concern and this movement, led by Shaw, dominated the theatre until the outbreak of war—so much so that Chekhov's plays were received with great hostility because they contained no clearly discernible message of social reform. Poel and Granville-Barker concerned themselves primarily with the reform of staging methods (although Barker's *The Madras House*, 1910, with a hero who turns from aesthetics to "drains and disinfectants," and resolves to go on the County Council, is one of the best of the socially engaged dramas). They swept away the old methods of the Victorian stage, which sacrificed the text of the play to elaborate scenic effects, and experimented with a freer and more Shakespearean kind of staging. But even these reforms had begun in Victoria's day. Poel (b. 1852) staged his first Elizabethan play in 1895; only Granville-Barker's elaboration of his theories seems specifically Edwardian, but, as Bridges-Adams points out, even he fused a number of Victorian theories to create those three seasons at the Court Theatre (1904-1907) which have reverberated through the Anglo-American theatre ever since.

In short, the Edwardian age and its achievements are myths, an unjustified attempt to cut a few years from history and see them as distinctive—a fact which many of the contributors to the book have sensibly recognized. There remains only nostalgia to justify this book,

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and *Edwardian England* is $15 worth of nostalgia, from the evocative front-cover photograph of a cab disappearing into the fog of Portland Place in 1906, through the title page of Edgar Wallace's *The Four Just Men* (1905) and a song-sheet for "The Smartest Girl in Town" as "sung with great success by Miss Marie Lloyd" in 1902 ("She needs some one to pop the money down!/Knows all the 'oofy' boys in town, in town!/Borrows from every silly clown, young clown!"), to the photograph of King Edward and Queen Alexandra and Ginner's 1911 painting of the old Café Royal on the back cover. The cab in the fog and the Impressionist painting sum up the book – an impression, a smoke screen, rather than a clear and precise portrait of an age.

Son of Naked City

CITY PSYCHIATRIC by Frank Leonard. New York: Ballantine Books. 219 pp. 75 cents.

Reviewed by SAUL LANDAU, *a* RAMPARTS *staff writer, and Director of the San Francisco New School.*

A weekly television program used to begin with: "There are 8 million people in this city. Each one has his own story." *City Psychiatric* is a sophisticated and more probing version of Naked City, in the form of a documentary novel. Its theme is the same one that has haunted us since the Industrial Revolution: the big city is a lonely place, full of psychotics, and the welfare system is unable to cope with the problems created by a modern over-developed society.

As fiction, *City Psychiatric* is not in the same league with Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest;* instead of exploring the world of the psychotic, the alcoholic, the addict, it presents them raw, a modern Zola-esque documentary that might lend itself (with only a few cuts) to a CBS or NBC hour spectacular on psychosis in our cities.

Few readers will be shocked by the horrors of Frank Leonard's psych hospital, for the conditions in their city will be equally appalling or worse; newspapers periodically "expose" the city hospital, and there is always the friend who has been mistakenly stuck in the psych ward for a weekend and tells about his experience for the next ten years. City psychiatric hospitals are overcrowded, understaffed, and in general still bear signs of medieval thinking.

The disturbing theme, implicit in Leonard's novel, is that no real improvement is possible. The attitudes of the staff certainly need improvement, larger staff is necessary, and bed space is hopelessly inadequate. All liberals would readily agree that suicidal maniacs, alcoholics and addicts are human beings and should be treated as such. But even if this were achieved some day, no amount of therapy could get at the root of the problems that Leonard describes; they are the problems of our age: war, poverty, impersonality, ghettos and racism, and a sexual value system that is out of tune with modern life and modern advertising.

The Admitting Doctor, Schwartzrock, knows the score. He has seen thousands of patients every year for 15 years and "long ago had become hardened to even the most desperate and pitiful cases he encountered." Suppose he had only seen hundreds of cases a year; would this make a difference?

MYSTERY OF DEATH
Ladislaus Boros

The existential experience of the human person at the moment of death is the central theme of this book. In a setting which is richly personalistic, the author gives a new understanding of the traditional Christian concepts of particular and last judgment, hell, purgatory, heaven, resurrection of the dead and the Parousia. This Christologically oriented consideration of death analyzes the end of time, the recapitulation of all in Christ, and the meaning of the omega point of Teilhard de Chardin. 4.50

MAN AND COSMOS
Paul Chauchard

Written by an eminent French Catholic neurologist, MAN AND COSMOS is an authoritative study of Teilhard's scientific methodology. The author interprets the Teilhardian synthesis in its theological and psychological dimension, and outlines a rapprochement of science and philosophy in the thought of Teilhard de Chardin. He also discusses the phenomenology of consciousness and human history, Teilhardian realism, and the problem of evil and Christian hope. 4.50

HERDER AND HERDER
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10016

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He disillusions a medical student who has just discovered the root of a patient's psychosis, the key to understanding a recurrent nightmare about a Korean woman and her child, drowning in a pool of blood. The patient admitted he had raped the woman after killing a Korean man to avenge a dead companion and then had watched the woman kill her child and slit her own throat. Dr. Schwartzrock, unmoved, replies:

Do you think anyone can put that man back together again just because they know what broke him in two? Even if that was what broke him in two, which I doubt . . . What should we do, forgive him for raping the woman? Is that my job? Would it help? Well, that's not my job. The son of a bitch. No one asked him to rape the woman. He did it because he wanted to . . . Maybe that rape is *what did it. Maybe he is broken by what he did in Korea. But we can't make him whole again. If we could bring the woman and the kid back to life and undo that rape, too, maybe we could. But we can't and that's life.*

Unfortunately, Dr. Schwartzrock is right. The therapist has no control over foreign policy or war, just as he is equally the victim of the society's morality. He may understand it, but the scars cannot be healed. The 14-year-old girl, caught in a sexual act with a retarded boy by her father, a Protestant Minister, drinks a bottle of iodine because her father suffered a fatal heart attack from beating the boy. She hears a voice: "You killed your father, you broke his heart." In the city psych ward she kills herself when there is no staff member watching her. But she would have done it anyway, because like the Korean nightmare, her problem was rooted in the society's values, and a few good shrinks cannot administer enough emergency psychotherapy to cure the Puritan psychosis.

There is the Auschwitz victim who sees Nazis everywhere; the jobless Negro who has been living with a woman he loves, supported by welfare, caught by the welfare snoops; the Puerto Rican boy who is violent when drunk; the lonely man who cannot articulate his problem to the psychiatrist and is dismissed, only to commit suicide; and the Assistant Hospital Administrator who drinks at night to blot out the pity he feels (he can't stand the screams), and who works during the day so that he won't drink.

Leonard's cases are people who cannot cope with the pressures of American society, who have collapsed under its weight. The fact that the psychiatric intake grows every year, that the staff is hopelessly hardened and callous and victimized by the same pressures as the patients, is the horrifying truth that the book dramatizes, as did Ken Kesey's novel. *City Psychiatric* is New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, any city. There are no class lines in the intake department. The police bring in a babbling incontinent patient. He turns out to be a wealthy attorney who suffered permanent brain damage after a beating by a burglar. He will go to a private hospital until his money runs out; then he will be transferred to a State Hospital, filled with alcoholic Negroes and Puerto Rican addicts, losers from the depths.

The Chief Administrator, a compulsive and unqualified civil servant, worries about public relations, and like a corporation director is chiefly concerned with production: so many patients in, so many patients out, the smooth running machine – to the morgue, the State Hospital or the street.

The orderlies and nurses have discovered that physical force is the most efficient way to maintain an obedient ward, and to maintain their own stability. If a patient calls an orderly "nigger" he will receive extra coercion, in the name of ward tranquility. The orderly is a good man, but how many chances does he get to get even with the crackers? If a patient won't drink his thorazine it is injected forcibly; if a senile man messes his pants he is punished like a child; if a Negro orphan rebels he is beaten – the only medicine he understands.

The psychiatric wards are good dramatizations of American life: the Korean War, Puritan morality, job insecurity, ghetto life and racism drive people insane. But the psychiatrists, administrators, nurses and orderlies live in the same world, with the same values and problems.

Leonard exposes this microcosm of an insane civilization. Before any meaningful changes are possible, society itself must be recivilized.

Kissin' Cousins

"I DO SO POLITELY": A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH by Robert Canzoneri. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 182 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by JOHN ROSENBERG, *a Woodrow Wilson Fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.*

When Ross Barnett barred James Meredith from the University of Mississippi, he closed his prepared statement with the words, "I do so politely." Robert Canzoneri, a Mississippian and a second cousin of Governor Barnett, finds that these words symbolize the whole thought process of a state which has refused to face reality.

For the sake of "image," dissent is silenced and undesirable facts are ig-

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nored. "A conspiracy of polite silence for the sake of racial segregation and white supremacy easily extends itself into non-racial matters, into the very structures of thought itself." Canzoneri tells what it is like to grow up and live in such an atmosphere, and his portrait of Mississippi – as a state and as a state of mind – is both a highly readable personal account and a significant contribution to knowledge about the South.

Since Wilbur J. Cash brilliantly psychoanalyzed *The Mind of the South* in 1940, there has been a steady procession of definitions and explanations, indictments and defenses of the Southern experience. Implicit or explicit in most of these has been the question of Southern uniqueness. What is the South? How and why is it different from the rest of the country? Is it *really* different? Indeed, Southern historians are perhaps the only ones who have not been able to agree upon exactly what they are studying.

In 1928 U. B. Phillips declared that the Southern white man's resolve to keep his region a white man's country was the "central theme of Southern history," and the core of Southernism. Two years later, however, 12 Southerners at Vanderbilt University, objecting to the rising tide of industrialization, urbanization and materialism they saw around them, found the South's identity in its agrarian, folk tradition. The experience of depression, hot and cold war, and Brown v. Board of Education did not halt the search. In 1960, C. Vann Woodward's penetrating essays in *The Burden of Southern History*, argued that the South's experience itself, its unique history, was responsible for its separateness and had produced a distinctive region. Yet in that same year Charles Sellers edited a collection of essays, *The Southerner as American*, which stressed the harmony of the South's ways with the rest of the nation. Recently Howard Zinn, following Sellers' thesis, has debunked *The Southern Mystique* (1964) and concluded that the Southerner is and has been only an American, while James McBride Dabbs, agreeing with Woodward that the South's experience has created uniqueness, has produced a Cash-like examination of the nature of that experience (*Who Speaks for the South*, 1964). The debate continues. And there has been no more agreement on where the South is going than what (if anything) it is. Hence, Harry Ashmore has written *An Epitaph for Dixie* (1957), while T. D. Clark has discovered *The Emerging South* (1961) and Francis B. Simkins has sentimentally praised the endurance of *The Everlasting South* (1963).

Although they differ in their conclusions, these books are remarkably similar in their purpose and method. To varying degrees, they all search for the Southern identity, and – not surprisingly – each author manages to find it in the exact field he sets out to hunt: in race, tradition and myth, agrarianism, history, or America-at-large. This purpose has required the authors to be analytical or interpretive in method and broad in scope. They all assume, I suppose, that anyone interested in the quality of Southern life and individual experiences, in Southerners rather than the South, should turn to travel guides, biography, or fiction.

Although *I Do So Politely* speaks to the same general subject, it does so with a different voice and in a different manner. Mr. Canzoneri has done something none of the others has attempted; he has portrayed Mississippians as everyday people in everyday situations and not as historical products or sociological phenomena. He deals directly and intimately with Southern characters and only indirectly with "The Southern Character." Beyond calling it a personal account, it is a difficult book to classify, or even describe. Through anecdotes, interpretation and reminiscences, Mr. Canzoneri has given us the most comprehensive picture of the "Mississippi way of life" yet to appear. The most striking feature of the book is its success in weaving these various incidents, memories, and impressions into an overall design. The unifying thread in the pattern is the author himself. The character and personality of the author are as prominent as his subjects.

Personal experiences and glimpses into the inner workings of the Mississippi mind provide an understanding of the South that most of the more "scholarly" works fail to convey. The selection and use of the representative anecdote is admirable. An example:

> *In grade school we used to ask the unsuspecting, so long as unsuspecting people were still around, such questions as, 'Are you a cow?' And when they would reply in the negative, we would respond, 'Don't worry, little calf, you'll grow up.' We wore it out on all of our contemporaries, and so one day we tried it on the Negro janitor . . .*
>
> *'Are you a cow?' we would ask him.*
>
> *'I's whatever you say I is.' Politely.*
>
> *'Well, are you a horse?'*
>
> *'I's whatever you say I is' . . .*
>
> *It's the only time I can remember being dissatisfied with his work as janitor.*

This obviously tells the reader more than what type of game Mississippi school children play. The Negro's answer, "I's whatever you say I is," describes his place in society more poignantly than a dozen sociological studies. The above passage, and the many similar ones, affect the reader more as fiction than analysis (for me, the one above calls to mind Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mocking Bird* much more than a volume of Southern history). Yet the anecdotes are selected and handled so as to create a deep understanding, even a deep feeling, for the society in which they occur.

Mr. Canzoneri sees through the

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myth that only Southerners can "understand" the Negro. "We Southern white people have lived side by side, back door to back door with the Negro for all these many years, but we do not really know who he is or what he thinks." This fact was impressed upon him while teaching in Louisiana. He had done a special television program on Robert Frost and was complimented the next day by several people at his college, including two Negro janitors. Although the janitors "had given some evidence of being the moral and intellectual superiors of many of (his) students and of some of (the) faculty and administration," he had been surprised that they had liked his program on Frost. "My surprise then shocked me . . . Suddenly in my mind there was an entire black audience beyond the camera, an audience I had never thought of, not even subconsciously. Their world is so clearly, so subtly, separate from ours that a mutual interest in Robert Frost had never occurred to me. The separation lurks there, even in the minds of us who most believe that the barriers should be down."

Although his book is not a polemic – he never raises his voice – Mr. Canzoneri leaves no room for doubt as to what he thinks of those barriers. Nor is he one who waited until he was outside the South to become vocal; he has stated his opinions clearly and forcefully in the classrooms of Mississippi. Although refusing to set himself up as an authority, he made it clear to his students that he "believes the policy of the state of Mississippi is basically unconstitutional, undemocratic, immoral, un-Christian, and humanly reprehensible . . ." Many of his discussions were heated, but they were open.

His uncompromising stand against racism and hypocrisy may appear strange to some readers when coupled with his obvious understanding of Mississippi and its people. Too few people have mastered the simple but fundamental distinction between *understanding* and *agreeing*. Ardent Southerners, in general, do not want understanding; they want agreement. Completely confident of the rightness of their position, they believe that all who understand will agree. Ironically, some Northern liberals, intellectual brothers under the skin, refuse to understand the South for fear that they will lose their ability to judge and criticize it. Both the Southern hope and the Northern fear are in a sense justified, for too often understanding does lead to condoning. Just as it is easier to condemn a criminal if one sees only his crime and not the environmental factors which may have produced it, so is it easier to sustain one's moral fervor against the South if its complexities are not understood. In addition, criticizing becomes almost impossible if one can identify with the criticized ("If I'd been brought up there, I'd probably feel the same way," etc.). And when Northerners recognize in themselves the seeds of bigotry and prejudice, and in some cases the full-grown weeds, it becomes much easier for them to look for other, more isolated and alien evils than to continue condemning the South. Their awareness of shared prejudices and problems often transforms understanding of Southern behavior, which is necessary and desirable, into toleration or approval of it, which is unnecessary and undesirable.

With this in mind, what will be gained from the growing awareness that racism and discrimination are national, not regional problems? Around the turn of the century, when the United States undertook its imperialist ventures and assumed "The White Man's Burden," national morality took a sharp turn southward. An editor of the respectable Atlantic Monthly said in 1901, "If the stronger and cleverer race is free to impose its will upon 'new-caught, sullen peoples' on the other side of the globe, why not in South Carolina and Mississippi?" This was not an isolated statement; it accurately represented national sentiment, and Southern politicians quickly took advantage of it. An advocate of complete disenfranchisement of the Negro in Alabama rejoiced that "we have now the sympathy of thoughtful men in the North to an extent that never before existed."

Although abject surrender to the Barnett position seems unlikely today, one need only consider Proposition 14 in California, the large vote for Wallace in his Northern sorties last spring, and the Republican Presidential nominee's welcoming embrace of Strom Thurmond under waving Confederate flags to realize that all Southern pleas for "understanding" do not fall on stony ground.

Canzoneri, on the other hand, has shown that true understanding need not, and should not, result in moral paralysis. While enabling the reader to comprehend Mississippi through his experiences and impressions, he firmly rejects that conscience-salving sympathy which some Northerners are too ready to extend. A friend in California, with whom he was discussing the situation in the South, remarked, "Well, we're beginning to have our problems with them, too." Canzoneri then adds, "And I was too polite to respond, 'And we're going to as long as we think in terms of "we" and "ours" and them.'"

This appraisal of Mississippi is straightforward, unpretentious, candid, and uncompromising – but always polite. Perhaps there still is a Southern manner after all.

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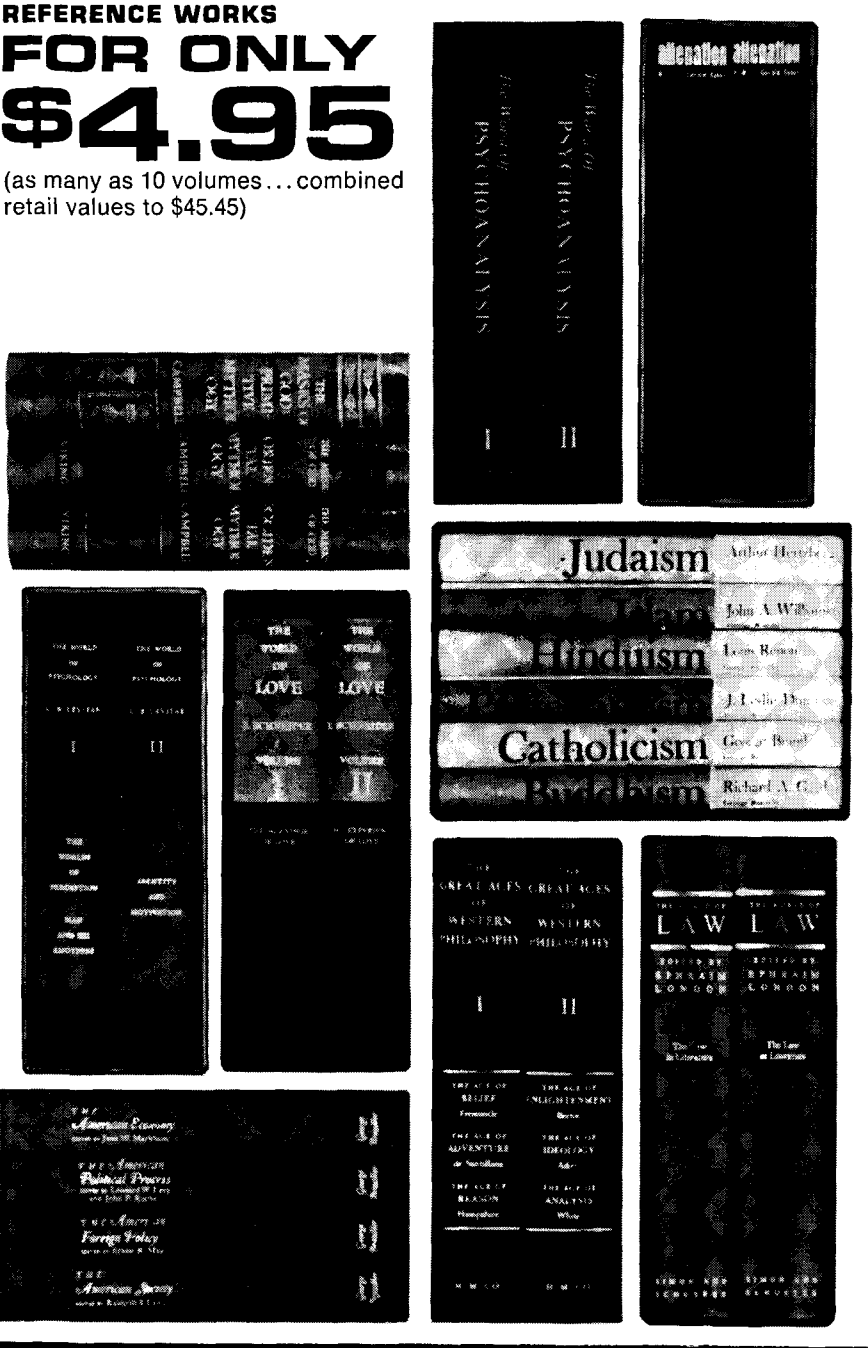

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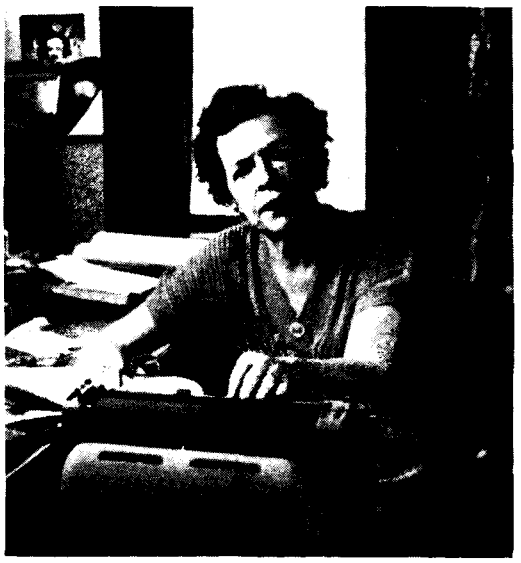
It's a shame more women don't take up writing

America's most popular woman novelist offers some encouraging advice to women who want to get more out of life

By Faith Baldwin



Faith Baldwin. She raised four children – yet managed to write more than 70 books, including many best-sellers

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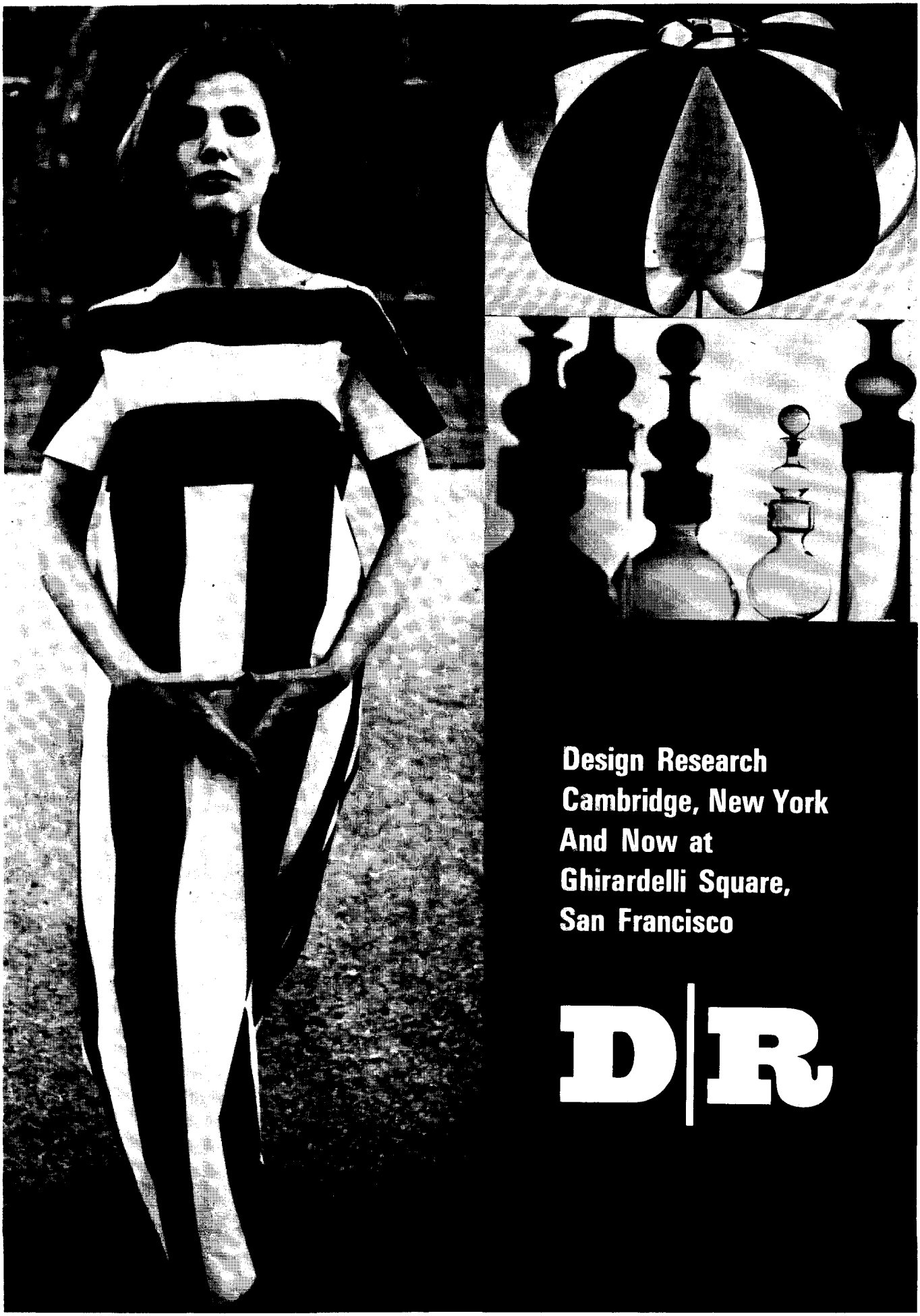

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[Tonight Could Be The Night!]

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